

# THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

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## REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*A Brief Narrative of an Unsuccessful Attempt to reach Repulse Bay, through Sir Thomas Rowe's Welcome, in His Majesty's Ship Griper, in the Year 1824.* By Capt. G. F. LYON, R. N. With a Chart and Engravings. 8vo. pp. 198. London, 1825.

THAT 'tis not in mortals to command success; the experience of every day fully proves; but if there is any class of persons who deserve it more than another, it is those enterprising individuals who brave every danger and every difficulty, in order to enlarge the boundaries of science, and extend our knowledge of the globe we inhabit,—with some parts of which we are so imperfectly acquainted. Next to Capt. Parry there is, perhaps, no person at the present day who has manifested more ardour than Capt. Lyon: he has been broiled in the heart of Africa and frozen in the Arctic Ocean, in order to serve his country; and if his last voyage has been unsuccessful, we are sure there is not a human being at all acquainted with his character, that will attribute the failure to a want of skill or exertion.

It will be recollected that, in the narrative of Capt. Parry's last voyage, sufficient reasons are advanced to favour the supposition that a western portion of the Polar sea lies at no great distance across Melville Peninsula from Repulse Bay, and that all the Esquimaux place it at three days' journey; this water is supposed to join that sea which opens out from the western mouth of the strait of the Fury and Hecla; a bight is supposed to extend considerably southward; and it is a point of great importance to trace the connection of its shores with Cape Turnagain, where Capt. Franklin's operations terminated. For this purpose, Capt. Lyon was employed; and his instructions were to take such a route as he might deem best for reaching Repulse Bay or Wager River, and then examine the eastern part of the north coast of North America, from the western shore of Melville Peninsula to Cape Turnagain. It was intended that he should winter in Repulse Bay, and his crew, consisting in all of forty-one persons, were well provided with winter clothing, and every thing necessary, except a good ship; for the Griper appears to have been perfectly unsuited for such a voyage, and to this circumstance the failure of the expedition must be ascribed.

Capt. Parry, with great modesty, called the narrative of one of his voyages a mere log-book: the same remark will apply more strictly to the work of Capt. Lyon. He sailed on the 10th of June, 1824. Nothing remarkable occurred until the 25th of July, when Capt. Lyon saw a very extraordinary sunset, he has given a view of its appearance, which he thus describes:—

'Heavy rain had fallen for about eight hours during the early part of the day, but in the evening the sky gradually cleared up, with that transparent brightness so peculiar to the polar regions. At sunset, it presented a most beautiful appearance. In the north-west was an arch, whose bases were from east to north-west, where its extremity joined a second bow, stretching to the south-south-east. That to the north-west was topped by clouds of the most vivid orange colour, shaded with deep purple, in long waving, but curved, bands; and below these gleamed forth the clear blue sky, which, as it approached the horizon, blended into soft green, rose-colour, and lake. In the bluest part of these bright heavens, small clouds, resembling streamers of white floss silk, floated with the most airy lightness, while near the horizon were a quantity of long black streaks, in solid masses; behind which the sun was setting. One round blood-coloured spot marked its position, and the base of the dark cloud immediately above it was bordered with the most brilliant scarlet, while the reflection from the sun on the long rolling sea imparted to it a deep purple tinge.

'A singular change took place where the two arches joined; as that to the eastward was of a pure rose-colour, packed, band above band, the divisions of which were distinguished by a dull pink streak.'

On the 12th of August, the Griper fell in with a party of Esquimaux, sixty in number, who came off to the ship in boats, with sails made of the intestines of the walrus:—

'As the females approached, they shouted with all their might, and we were not so deficient in gallantry as to be silent on such an occasion, for the specimen-collectors were happy to observe that our fair visitors wore immense mittens of delicate white hare-skin, trimmed in the palms with the jetty feathers of the breast of the dovekie. The boats being all hauled on the ice—Babel was let loose. On our former voyage, being myself a novice in the country, I was not aware, in the excitement of the moment, of the noise we all made, but being now well acquainted with the vociferous people who were visiting us, I quietly witnessed the present interview, and am convinced that it is not possible to give any idea of the raving and screaming which prevailed for a couple of hours. Some of the natives, however, were not so violently overpowered by their joyous sensations, as to forget that they came to improve their fortunes; and one most expert fellow succeeded pretty well in picking pockets, an occupation from which frequent detection did not discourage him. Amongst other things, he robbed me of my handkerchief, and was particularly amused when I discovered his roguery; for which I thought a box on the ear would

have acted as a warning, but I afterwards found that he had crept on board, and was carrying off a bag of seaman's clothes; a grand prize, for the retention of which he made a most violent stand, until I succeeded in tumbling him over the side. The generality of the others behaved pretty well, and traded fairly, each woman producing her stores from a neat little skin bag, which was distinguished by our men by the name of a "ridicule," than which I conceive it to be a far more respectable appendage. Our visitors did not possess many curiosities, and were certainly not so rich as we had found them on our former voyage, the chief articles in which they bartered being their weapons and clothes; and, I blush while I relate it, two of the fair sex actually disposed of their nether garments, a piece of indecorum I had never before witnessed. A few seal, deer, and hare skins, with those also of young dogs, mice, and birds, were the other articles of commerce; and a very few ivory toys, with sea-horse teeth of a small size, completed the assortment. In a "ridicule," with some of these articles, we found a piece of very pure plumbago, of the size of a walnut; and with the toys was one of a description I had not before seen. It was a large heavy piece of ivory, in which many holes were drilled at regular intervals, but leading in different directions. A small peg is attached to this by a string, and the game consists in throwing up the ivory block, and receiving it on the pin, in much the same manner as our game of cup and ball. A new variety of comb was also purchased, and I procured a mirror, composed of a broad plate of black mica, so fitted into a leathern case, as to be seen on either side. Our trading had continued some time before we discovered four small puppies in the women's boats, and they were, of course, immediately purchased, as an incipient team for future operations.'

'As a lane of water was seen in shore at noon, we were under the necessity of bidding our visitors adieu; yet such was their desire to remain with us, that when we left the floe, our people, who attended the hawsers, escaped with difficulty into the boat, from the friendly, and not very ceremonious, struggle which was made to detain them.

'My last purchase at parting was the ingeniously-constructed sail of a woman's boat, which was gladly bartered for a knife. This was nine feet five inches at the head, by only six feet at the foot, and having a dip of thirteen feet. The gut of which it was composed was in four-inch breadths, neatly sewed with thread of the same material, and the whole sail only weighed three pounds three quarters.'

The old charts of the coast of Southamp-



ton Island were found, by Capt. Lyon, to be extremely erroneous: the soundings at five miles from the shore varied from fifty to thirty-five fathoms. Here Capt. Lyon met with some more Esquimaux:—

'While yet a mile from the beach, a native was seen coming off to us, and, as he approached, we observed that, instead of a canoe, he was seated on three inflated seal-skins, connected most ingeniously by blown intestines, so that his vessel was extremely buoyant. He was astride upon one skin, while another of a larger size was secured on either side of it, so that he was placed in a kind of hollow. His legs, well furnished with seal-skin boots, were immersed nearly to the knee in water, and he rowed with a very slender soot-stained paddle of whale's bone, which was secured to his float by a thong.

'On approaching, he exhibited some little signs of fear; his teeth chattered, and himself and seal-skins trembled in unison. It was evident from the manner of this poor fellow, that he had come off as a kind of herald from his tribe, and, as I felt for his alarm, I threw him a string of beads, which he received in great trepidation, and placed, with trembling fingers, across a large bunch of hair which protruded from his forehead. A few friendly signs which accompanied my gift, gave him a little more confidence, and he soon came alongside, after having, as a peace-offering, thrown me a couple of dried salmon and a very rude arrow, headed with a roughly-chipped flint: at my request he jumped into our boat, and, taking his skins in tow, we rowed for the beach; but our new acquaintance was not a very quiet passenger, for he stood up repeatedly to wave and shout to those on shore, assuring them of his safety, and that I had given him three needles. He was about twenty years of age, very small and brown, with a most agreeable cast of countenance. He called himself Nee-a-kood-loo, and as we made for the beach I found, that although he understood me a little, and used a few words with which I was acquainted, yet he spoke a language differing very materially from that of any other Esquimaux whom we had seen. He chattered and chuckled rapidly and delightedly to himself, and always with downcast eyes. At a long shoal-point we jumped on shore to his six countrymen, who appeared to have neither word nor gesture of salutation, and each, as I approached him, presented me with two half-dried salmon, evidently intended as a peace-offering; for the donors drew back on my accepting the fish, as if they expected no equivalent. Observing a dirty-looking bone in each man's hand, I asked what they were, and the poor creatures told me they were their "Pannas," or knives; which on examination I found to be formed of a rough piece of chipped flint, somewhat like a poplar leaf in form, and clumsily lashed to small bone handles of about six inches in length. Such were the only cutting instruments of these wretched people. I purchased each man's panna for either the officers or myself, giving a strong butcher's knife in exchange, which the poor

fellows received with silent and trembling delight, first eying me, then the knife, and at last uttering a long sighing "kooyenna" (thank you) in a tone expressive of the deepest gratitude; and this display of their feelings was not confined to the impulse of the moment, for it was constantly repeated, with every appearance of sincerity, during the whole of our stay on shore. No one licked, as is the general Esquimaux custom, any of the articles we gave them.'

On landing, Capt. Lyon found the remains of an Esquimaux establishment, with a large mound, containing a dead person:—

'Near the large grove was a third pile of stones, covering the body of a child, which was coiled up in the same manner. A snow buntin had found its way through the loose stones which composed this little tomb, and its now forsaken neatly-built nest was found placed on the neck of the child. As the snow buntin has all the domestic virtues of our English red-breast, it has always been considered by us as the robin of these dreary wilds, and its lively chirp and fearless confidence have rendered it respected by the most hungry sportsmen. I could not on this occasion view its little nest, placed on the breast of infancy, without wishing that I possessed the power of poetically expressing the feelings it excited. Both graves lay north-east and south-west. Before going on board I placed boarding-pikes, men's and women's knives, and other articles, which might be useful to the poor Esquimaux, on the huts and various piles of stones.'

On the 31st of August, the situation of the Griper became truly critical. They had made very low land, distant about ten miles:

'Throughout the night,' says Capt. Lyon, 'we steered north-west by the Polar star, and ran under easy sail. Our soundings, at ten p. m., were thirty fathoms, between which and twenty-eight they varied continually, until thirty minutes after two a. m. on the first of September, when we shoaled to nineteen\*. Fearing danger, I turned the hands up, but having shortly deepened to twenty-seven and twenty-five, again sent them below. As our run had been about fifty miles N.N.W., and as I expected to find the American shore east of its position in the charts, I conceived that this would be Cape Fullerton of Middleton, and therefore kept it on our larboard hand, intending to run past it five or six miles, which was its distance at the time. We soon came to fifteen fathoms, and I kept right away, but had then only ten; when being unable to see far around us, and observing, from the whiteness of the water, that we were on a bank, I rounded to at seven a. m., and tried to bring up with the starboard anchor, and seventy fathoms chain, but the stiff breeze and heavy sea caused this to part in half an hour, and we again made sail to the north-eastward; but finding we came suddenly to seven fathoms, and that the ship could not possibly work out again, as she would not face the sea

\* 'On our return, we discovered a small island, within which we must at this time have passed.'

or keep steerage way on her, I most reluctantly brought her up with three bowers and a stream in succession, yet not before we had shoaled to five and a half. This was between eight and nine a. m., the ship pitching bows under, and a tremendous sea running. At noon, the starboard bower-anchor parted, but the others held.

'As there was every reason to fear the falling of the tide, which we knew to be from twelve to fifteen feet on this coast, and in that case the total destruction of the ship, I caused the long-boat to be hoisted out, and, with the four smaller ones, to be stored to a certain extent with arms and provisions. The officers drew lots for their respective boats, and the ship's company were stationed to them. The long-boat having been filled full of stores which could not be put below, it became requisite to throw them overboard, as there was no room for them on our very small and crowded decks, over which heavy seas were constantly sweeping. In making these preparations for taking to the boats, it was evident to all, that the long-boat was the only one which had the slightest chance of living under the lee of the ship, should she be wrecked, but every officer and man drew his lot with the greatest composure, although two of our boats would have been swamped the instant they were lowered. Yet such was the noble feeling of those around me, that it was evident that had I ordered the boats in question to be manned, their crews would have entered them without a murmur. In the afternoon, on the weather clearing a little, we discovered a low beach all around astern of us, on which the surf was running to an awful height, and it appeared evident that no human powers could save us. At three p. m. the tide had fallen to twenty-two feet (only six more than we drew), and the ship, having been lifted by a tremendous sea, struck with great violence the whole length of her keel. This we naturally conceived was the forerunner of her total wreck, and we stood in readiness to take the boats, and endeavour to hang under her lee. She continued to strike with sufficient force to have burst any less-fortified vessel, at intervals of a few minutes, whenever an unusually heavy sea passed us. And, as the water was so shallow, these might almost be called breakers rather than waves, for each, in passing, burst with great force over our gangways, and as every sea "topped," our decks were continually, and frequently deeply, flooded. All hands took a little refreshment, for some had scarcely been below for twenty-four hours, and I had not been in bed for three nights. Although few or none of us had any idea that we should survive the gale, we did not think that our comforts should be entirely neglected, and an order was therefore given to the men to put on their best and warmest clothing, to enable them to support life as long as possible. Every man, therefore, brought his bag on deck and dressed himself, and in the fine athletic forms which stood exposed before me, I did not see one muscle quiver, nor the slightest sign of alarm. The officers each secured some useful instrument about them for the purpose of observation,

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although it was acknowledged by all that not the slightest hope remained. And now that every thing in our power had been done, I called all hands aft, and to a merciful God offered prayers for our preservation. I thanked every one for their excellent conduct, and cautioned them, as we should, in all probability, soon appear before our Maker, to enter His presence as men resigned to their fate. We then all sat down in groups, and, sheltered from the wash of the sea by whatever we could find, many of us endeavoured to obtain a little sleep. Never, perhaps, was witnessed a finer scene than on the deck of my little ship, when all hope of life had left us. Noble as the character of the British sailor is always allowed to be in cases of danger, yet I did not believe it to be possible, that amongst forty-one persons not one repining word should have been uttered. The officers sat about, wherever they could find shelter from the sea, and the men lay down conversing with each other with the most perfect calmness. Each was at peace with his neighbour and all the world, and I am firmly persuaded that the resignation which was then shown to the will of the Almighty was the means of obtaining his mercy. At about six p. m. the rudder, which had already received some very heavy blows, rose, and broke up the after-lockers, and this was the last severe shock which the ship received. We found by the well that she made no water, and by dark she struck no more. God was merciful to us, and the trade, almost miraculously, fell no lower. At dark, heavy rain fell, but was borne with patience, for it beat down the gale, and brought with it a light air from the northward. At nine p. m. the water had deepened to five fathoms. The ship kept off the ground all night, and our exhausted crew obtained some broken rest.

In gratitude for this extraordinary preservation, Capt. Lyon called the place the 'Bay of God's Mercy.' This, however, was not their only danger and escape. Speaking of another occasion, Capt. L. says:—

'Never shall I forget the dreariness of this most anxious night. Our ship pitched at such a rate, that it was not possible to stand even below, while on deck we were unable to move without holding by ropes which were stretched from side to side. The drift snow flew in such sharp heavy flakes, that we could not look to windward, and it froze on deck to above a foot in depth. The sea made incessant breaches quite fore and aft the ship, and the temporary warmth it gave while it washed over us, was most painfully checked by its almost immediately freezing on our clothes. To these discomforts were added the horrible uncertainty as to whether the cables would hold until daylight, and the conviction also that, if they failed us, we should instantly be dashed to pieces; the wind blowing directly to the quarter in which we knew the shore must lie. Again, should they continue to hold us, we feared, by the ship's complaining so much forward, that the bits would be torn up, or that she would settle down at her anchors, overpowered by some of the tremendous seas which burst over her.

'During the whole of this time, streams of heavy ice continued to drive down upon us, any one of which, had it hung for a moment against the cables, would have broken them, and at the same time have allowed the bowsprit to pitch on it and be destroyed. The masts would have followed this, for we were all so exhausted, and the ship was so coated with ice, that nothing could have been done to save them.

'We all lay down at times during the night, for to have remained constantly on deck would have quite overpowered us; I constantly went up, and shall never forget the desolate picture which was always before us.

'The hurricane blew with such violence as to be perfectly deafening; and the heavy wash of the sea made it difficult to reach the mainmast, where the officer of the watch and his people sat shivering, completely cased in frozen snow, under a small tarpaulin, before which ropes were stretched to preserve them in their places. I never beheld a darker night, and its gloom was increased by the rays of a small horn lantern which was suspended from the mizen stay to show where the people sat.'

The vessel had now become so crazy, that all hope of pursuing the voyage successfully was abandoned; and to return, making such observations as he could, was the only prudent course left to Capt. Lyon. This he did, and he has published a narrative of his voyage, which fully proves that he did all that could be done, under the circumstances in which he was placed. His work contains a valuable appendix of scientific observations, a map, and several well-executed plates.

*Smiles and Tears: comprising Maria Darlington, a Sketch; and Sixteen other Sketches and Tales. With Vignettes, from Posthumous Designs of Thurston. 12mo. pp. 191. London, 1824.*

Most of our readers will, no doubt, recollect Mrs. Charles Kemble's comedy of *Smiles and Tears*, for it would be a libel on the talents of this lady, to suppose the world can be ignorant of any thing she writes. There are also many, we doubt not, who are well acquainted with the song beginning—Said a Smile to a Tear: if, however, they suspect that the volume now before us has any reference to either the play or the song, they are mistaken; it bears no similarity to either, save in the title, and that we think very probable to have been accidental. *Smiles and Tears* consists of seventeen tales and sketches, mostly of a pathetic character, and some of them possessing considerable interest. In the last tale, *Maria Darlington*, the reader will readily discover Miss Foote as the heroine, or, at least, such a similarity between the stories, as must strike every one at all acquainted with the history of this excellent actress. For the story we refer to the work itself, but, as a specimen of the author's style, we quote some of the preliminary remarks on the situation and treatment of the sex, which are at once just and forcible:—

'The sorrows and vexations which are thrown over the path of a woman's pilgrim-

age through life,—the advantages that are taken of the weakness of her nature,—the indignities that mar her sensitive spirit, are more than sufficient to justify the wanderings of those who have fled from the path of propriety, who, finding not happiness where they have cheated themselves with the belief it was never missing—in the home of domestic virtue, have withered away the finest fruits of the heart in the cold and perishing regions of vice. The finger of Scorn points the way; and the world's voice effectually deters them from returning once more to the paths which, in the weakness of a moment, they deviated from. The curse of our first parents seems already on their brow: like them, they look back to the Eden they have heedlessly lost, with the wretched consciousness that it is for ever. Yes! the world has adjudged that the first error of a woman's life is the warrant that consigns her to perpetual ignominy and reproach: for her the scalding tears of repentance, the long-continued chastenings of remorse, cannot offer a respite; she is irrecoverably doomed to shame, recklessness, and despair, and plunged headlong into that abyss of wretchedness over whose brink she was only hovering. No distinction is made between the victim of affection and the sensual creature of the appetites: she is mingled, unreservedly, with the sensual, the wanton, and the depraved, in the same hell of living infamy. Oh! that the being in whose bosom the kindest affections of our nature have taken up their home, should be the mark at which the arrow of Treachery should ever be pointing; that the heart which possesseth the choicest treasures of our nature should be the first to be sacked and desolated; or that the milk of human kindness, with which it overflows, should be turned, by the bitterness of misplaced confidence, into the gall of misanthropy.—Should there not be something more than compassion excited for the woman who, tried in every vulnerable part of her being, resisted the siege till the pangs of inexpressible passion, warring with the delicate energies of her soul,—till, as it were, her own feelings came in array against her,—and not till after every temptation, artifice, and deceit, that the selfishness or perverted talent of her antagonist could suggest to win her to destruction, had been exercised against her,—she should in a moment, under the influence of strong faith, unlimited confidence, and ungovernable affection, resign herself to the fabled superiority of man, and find herself cheated and abandoned, consigned to the ruthless contempt of the world, and by the very being to whom she looks for support and protection. She is stung by the snake she nestled in her bosom, and the blow of vengeance is given by the very hand which she pressed in the full devotedness of unquenchable love. Yet, how does this rigid dictator, who punishes so indignantly the effects of feminine weakness, regard the cause? What distinction does the world allow between the seducer and the seduced? The one, a cool, smiling, calculating hypocrite, sent on the world like a withering blight, to blast and perish all that is fair and beautiful within it; the other, a



fond, confiding, but yet a human being, and, as such, cursed with all the weakness of humanity. Does society, that sends forth such irrevocable anathemas on the head of the fallen lamb, visit the wolf with its vengeance? No: the victim of crime receives the punishment of the inflictor,—the one is shut out from society as a being that would disgrace it, while the cold-blooded seducer is received within it without a single mark of shame being affixed on his brow, as welcome, as acceptable, as before the commission of his execrable act.'

It may be a sufficient recommendation of the vignettes, to say that they are from designs by Thurston.

*The War in the Peninsula. A Continuation of the Recollections of the Eventful Life of a Soldier.* 12mo. pp. 221. Glasgow and London, 1825.

It is now nearly twelve months (*Literary Chronicle*, No. 245) since we reviewed the work of which the volume before us is a continuation. We were not niggardly in our praise of the *Recollections of the Eventful Life of a Soldier*, and expressed a hope, that the author would some day continue his history, which he had only brought down to the opening of the campaign in 1811. He has now resumed his narrative, which he continues to the glorious but unnecessary battle of Thoulouse, and the return of the author home.

As we, on the former occasion, gave an account of the birth, parentage, and education of the author, we shall merely state that he is a native of Glasgow, born of respectable parents, whose roof he quitted for sea, and afterwards for the army, and that, though he neglected his education, he has since endeavoured to repair his folly and neglect.

The *War in the Peninsula* is worthy of being bound up with the author's former work; it contains the same minuteness of detail and agreeable mixture of anecdote and description. The first battle recorded in this volume is that of Fuentes de Honore:—

'The village we now occupied was in Spain, and formed a striking contrast to those of Portugal; the inhabitants and their houses wore an air of neatness, cleanliness, and comfort about them, unlike any thing we had as yet seen in the country; their dress and language were also different. The sight of the village itself was beautiful and romantic; it lay in a sort of ravine, down which a small river brawled over an irregular rocky bed, in some places forming precipitous falls of many feet; the acclivity on each side was occasionally abrupt, covered with trees and thick brushwood.'

During the engagement, a circumstance occurred, which he relates confusedly:—

'It was rather remarkable that the cavalry on both sides happened to be Germans. When this was understood, volleys of insulting language, as well as shot, were exchanged between them. One of our hussars got so enraged at something one of his opponents said, that, raising his sword, he dashed forward upon him into the very centre of their line. The French hussar, seeing that he had

no mercy to expect from his enraged foe, wheeled about his horse, and rode to the rear; the other, determined on revenge, still continued to follow him. The whole attention of both sides was drawn for a moment to these two, and a temporary cessation of firing took place; the French staring in astonishment at our hussar's temerity, while our men were cheering him on. The chase continued for some way to the rear of their cavalry. At last, our hussar coming up with him, and fetching a furious blow, brought him to the ground. Awakening now to a sense of the danger he had thrown himself into, he set his horse at full speed to get back to his comrades; but the French, who were confounded when he passed, had recovered their surprise, and determined on revenging the death of their comrade; they joined in pursuit, firing their pistols at him. The poor fellow was now in a hazardous plight; they were every moment gaining upon him, and he had still a long way to ride. A band of the enemy took a circuit, for the purpose of intercepting him; and before he could reach the line he was surrounded, and would have been cut in pieces, had not a party of his comrades, stimulated by the wish to save so brave a fellow, rushed forward, and just arrived in time, by making the attack general, to save his life, and brought him off in triumph.'

After the battle, which terminated in our favour, both parties were employed in burying the dead, 'French and English promiscuously mixed, and assisting each other in that melancholy duty, as if they had been intimate friends.' There has been much dispute as to whether the wind of a cannon-ball has been known to kill a man: the following anecdote, though not decisive of the question, proves the great force of the wind:—

'At one time during the contest, when the enemy had gained a partial possession of the village, our light troops had retired into a small wood above it, where they were huddled together without any regularity; a French officer, while leading on his men, having been killed in our front, a bugler of the 83d regiment, starting out between the fire of both parties, seized his gold watch; but he had scarcely returned, when a cannon-shot from the enemy came whistling past him, and he fell lifeless on the spot. The blood started out of his nose and ears, but, with the exception of this, there was neither wound nor bruise on his body; the shot had not touched him.'

Our soldier had a pleasant companion (comrade, we believe, is the word) in an Irishman of the name of Dennis, whose cool courage and good humour do not seem to have ever forsaken him.

The author gives an excellent account of the second siege of Badajoz, and relates some heart-rending scenes, occasioned by the carnage. The division to which he belonged had received orders to storm the town the next night:—

'Various were the effects produced on various individuals. There was an unusual talking of relations, a recalling to mind of scenes forgotten; a flow of kindly feeling which softened down the rough soldier into

something sadder, but more pleasing. Many letters were written during that day to absent friends, in a more affectionate style than usual; and many injunctions given and taken, about writing, in the event of the fall of either party, to their relations.

'The nearer the time drew for the intended attack, the more each individual seemed to shrink within himself, yet still nothing of fear or doubt of our success was expressed; every feeling displayed was natural and manly; at length night came, and the appointed hour for turning out. It was dark and gloomy, not a single star showed its head; the air was still, not a sound could be heard, but the noise of the field cricket, and the croaking of frogs; every word of command was given in a whisper, and the strictest silence enjoined, which I believe was unnecessary; few felt inclined to speak. At last the order was given to advance, and with palpitating hearts we commenced our march—slow and silent, a dead weight hanging on every mind; had we been brought hurriedly into action it would have been different, but it is inconsistent with the nature of man not to feel as I have described, in such a situation. The previous warning; the dark and silent night; the known strength of the place; and the imminent danger of the attack, all conspired to produce it.—Yet this feeling was not the result of want of courage, for I never witnessed any thing like the calm intrepidity displayed in the advance, after we came within range of the enemy's cannon. Being apprised of our intentions, they threw out fire-balls in every direction, and from total darkness, they changed the approaches to the garrison into a state light as day; by this means they were enabled to see the direction of our columns, and they opened a fire of round and grape shot on us, which raked through them, killing and wounding whole sections. A circumstance occurred at this time which may be worthy of notice:—a man who had been always very remarkable for his testy disposition, and inveterate habit of swearing on all occasions, happened to hit his foot against a stone, and stumbled; this vexed him, and, uttering an oath, he wished a shot would come and knock his brains out; he had scarcely finished these words, when a grape shot struck him in the forehead, and literally fulfilled the rash wish. We still advanced, silent as before, unless the groaning of our wounded comrades, until we reached a sort of moat about fifty feet wide, formed by the inundation of the river; here we had to pass, rank entire, the passage being only capable of admitting one at a time. On this place the enemy had brought their guns to bear, and they kept up such a fire of grape and musketry on it, that it was a miracle any of us escaped. When we reached the other side we formed again, and advanced up the glacis, forcing our way through the pallisades, and got down into the ditch. The ladders by which we had to escalate the castle were not yet brought up, and the men were huddled on one another in such a manner that we could not move; we were now ordered to fix our bayonets. When we first entered the trench we considered

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ourselves comparatively safe, thinking we were out of range of their shot, but we were soon convinced of our mistake, for they opened several guns from angles which commanded the trench, and poured in grape shot upon us from each side, every shot of which took effect, and every volley of which was succeeded by the dying groans of those who fell; our situation at this time was truly appalling. The attack had commenced at the breaches towards our left, and the cannon and musketry which played upon our troops from every quarter of the town attacked, kept up a continual roll of thunder, and their incessant flash one quivering sheet of lightning; to add to the awfulness of the scene, a mine was sprung at the breach, which carried up, in its dreadful blaze, the mangled limbs and bodies of many of our comrades. When the ladders were placed, each eager to mount, crowded them in such a way that many of them broke, and the poor fellows who had nearly reached the top, were precipitated a height of thirty or forty feet, and impaled on the bayonets of their comrades below; other ladders were pushed aside by the enemy on the walls, and fell with a crash on those in the ditch; while more, who got to the top without accident, were shot on reaching the parapet, and, tumbling headlong, brought down those beneath them. This continued for some time, until at length a few having made a landing good on the ramparts, at the expense of their lives, enabled a great number to follow. When about a company had thus got collected together, we formed and charged round the ramparts, bayoneting the French artillery at their guns; in the direction that the party I was with took, they had drawn out a howitzer loaded to the very muzzle, pointed it towards us, and a gunner had the match ready to fire, when he was brought down by one of our party; in this direction we charged until we reached the sally-port communicating with the town. In a short time the whole division were established in possession of the castle, but the contest at the breaches was still severe.

The Light and Fourth Divisions had advanced from the trenches a short time after us, until they reached the covered way; their advanced guards descended without difficulty into the ditch, and advanced to the assault with the most determined bravery, but such was the nature of the obstacles prepared by the enemy at the head of the breach, and behind it, that they could not establish themselves within the place. Repeated attempts were made until after twelve at night, when Lord Wellington, finding that success was not to be obtained, and that our division had succeeded in taking the castle, they were ordered back to the ground where they had assembled, leaving the breach covered with dead and wounded. When the governor (Philipon) found the castle was taken, he retreated into fort St. Christoval, and at daylight in the morning he surrendered with all the garrison; it had consisted of five thousand men, of which number twelve hundred were killed during the siege.

The author introduces several interesting episodes, which we might quote; but we find

we have encroached far enough on his volume, and we will therefore refer our readers to the work itself, for a description of Spanish bull-fights at Madrid; the story of Henry; and the affecting scene of the poor widow over the dead body of her husband at the siege of Badajoz: we shall therefore conclude with a short anecdote, showing the indifference of the soldiers as to a battle:—

‘As an instance of this, we were at one time lying opposite to the enemy, in daily expectation of being engaged, one of our men (a Highlandman), having lost the small piece of ornamented leather which is worn in front of the uniform cap, on taking off his hat for some purpose, the deficiency caught his eye, and looking at it for a few moments, he said, very seriously, “I wish to God there may be an engagement to-day, till I get a rosette for my cap.”’

Such was the war in the Peninsula, which our soldier-author describes so well, that his work, however unostentatiously it may be ushered to the world, will, we predicate, be very extensively read, and as extensively admired.

#### HERMIT IN ITALY. (Concluded from p 35.)

IN our author's account of Pisa, he gives an account of some curious customs and ceremonies which prevail there. Their usages are very lively and gay:—

‘At Pisa, and indeed throughout Tuscany, the population, during Lent, pin bits of paper to the backs of the passers-by, and ridicule them in all kinds of ways, and lead them through the streets, amidst the tinkling of bells and shovels, and shaking about their heads lighted bunches of straw or furze-wood. It is a kind of continuation of the carnival, which they begin with public masquerades, after the first Sunday in January. Their *beffana*, on Twelfth Day, struck me as being somewhat remarkable. They give this title to the daughter of Herod, who sits in a window to witness the return of the *Magi* from the manger; and, as the devout *Magi* do not return through the realms of Herod, her curiosity is baulked, and the Italians give her the title of *beffana*, from *beffare*, to mock or ridicule. At Pisa the daughter of Herod is only a puppet, with a head of plaster, its hair dressed in style, and covered in holiday garb. Some of them are as large as life, and very elegantly made. The preceding evening (Epiphany), great numbers of persons crowd the streets to see these *beffane* at the windows, surrounded by torches, and gazing at the streets, in the attitudes of observers, who are looking for some one not amongst the crowd. The *beffana* remains undisturbed in the midst of the jokes and taunts which are launched from all sides. On Twelfth Night, also, the younger lads scatter themselves in every quarter of the town till midnight. One of them wears on his shoulders a head of plaster, in which is a lighted torch; the others throng about him shaking burning straw or dried thorns, uttering loud cries, whilst some of them sound a horn in his ears. These troops of youngsters are generally followed by a car filled with men sit-

ting on turf, in the midst of branches of trees covered with foliage. It is intended to represent a pilgrimage to Bethlem of those who are anxious to adore the infant Jesus.’

‘Whilst on this subject, it may be worth while to mention a custom which prevails in Pisa, of drawing out in grand array, on the morning of Holy Thursday, all the oxen in the town, which are to be slaughtered that night or the next day; the flesh is afterwards exposed on the Saturday in the market, covered with flowers. These oxen yoked together, with bells round their necks, their horns painted or gilded with different colours, and the bodies covered with ribands, march along with slow steps, the largest and fattest first, and the smallest last. The greater part of these cattle come from Aleppo; they are all of a white-grey colour, and their drivers are habited with much neatness and elegance. The butchers at Pisa, when they weigh their meat, are placed on a stand considerably above the purchasers, who watch with great jealousy the scales, being pretty well aware of the equivocal integrity of the sellers.

‘During the carnival, the maskers crowd the streets and theatres from the first Sunday in January. All the succeeding Sundays are particularly gay from noon until the evening. The females, especially, delight in running through the different parts of the town in disguise, for the purpose of intrigue. Dominos, or double petticoats, one black, the other red, or the dress of old women, are the most generally employed. When the *jours-gras* arrive, the whole city wears a look of singular animation. The masks are on foot, on horseback, and in carriages: the vehicles of the spectators are drawn up in double files along the south quay of the *Tre-ponte*. The lower classes and the peasantry flock in crowds to this quay, which is paved with figurantes and spectators, particularly towards the Bridge of Marble. I remember, on one of these occasions, how the public attention was greatly excited by an ostrich: it was larger than a camel, and its beak reached up to the first floors of the houses, and scattered verses and sonnets amongst the ladies at the windows, who, in their turn, threw *bons-bons* down the gullet of the gallant ostrich. It was attended by twenty-four harlequins, who dealt out their blows very liberally on the backs of the children and peasants to make them get out of the way, and were quite as liberal in their compliments to the fair sex. *Evviva il struzzo!* “Long live the ostrich!” was the general cry.’

The following extracts are from an interesting chapter on the Festivals of Tuscany:

‘According to the natural order of things, the year ought to commence with the spring, since the four seasons of the year are symbols of the four ages of human life, and that one year is born of another as generation succeeds generation. Instinct, in accord with reason, leads us involuntarily to celebrate the beauty of spring. The month of May was to our savage ancestors, the Gauls, the season of great military assemblies. To the Tuscans it is the signal for beginning their festivals and pleasures, and the songs of May have acquired, by long and pleasant



usage, a sacred character. The whole of Tuscany takes part in these festivals: children eagerly give way to the sports of their age; families unite together at banquets, seasoned by songs, where the softness of the language rivals the sweetness of the music: it is an universal concert. All the people are mixed up, without distinction, at these festivals. The shops of tailors and shoemakers re-echo the sounds which arise from all quarters. At evening, and during the night, wandering orchestras fill the streets, and spread every where gaiety and song. The Italians prefer string instruments to every other sort: wind instruments are left to theatres and concerts. Boys of twelve or fourteen years of age, with paper caps and helmets, armed with wooden swords, run through the streets in the earlier days of May, stopping in the public places and squares, where they strike up military songs, mixed sometimes with appropriate dialogue of their own. The children, daughters, wives, and mothers of prisoners, assemble before the windows of the prison which look into the streets, and join before their unhappy relatives in songs of hope and freedom. They sympathize in vulgar couplets, written to national airs, in the misery of the prisoners who cannot join with them in celebrating the month of May. These scenes usually end with a repast, in which the prisoners have a share, as their relatives are permitted to supply them on such occasions with meat and wine from without.

Still it is not the month of May which takes the lead in reviving the natural world in southern Italy. It is April, *il bel Aprile*, which brings on the beautiful days of sweet enjoyment in the country of Naples, whilst May is devoted to pleasure and song in Tuscany.

The *Fête Dieu*, or *Corpus Domini*, is celebrated in the ensuing month with a solemnity, a zeal, and a happiness which cheers and redoubles the beauty of the season. The clergy, the ornaments, the altars covered with flowers, the rich canopies, imposing ceremonies, music, and bells, all enliven this festival. At Pisa, the large *dalles* (flag-stones) which form the pavement of the streets, are covered with flowers and verdure, arranged in characters, religious or political. The numerous processions, and the priests bearing sacred symbols, march on a large carpet of various brilliant colours. At day-break, the owners of the different houses decorate them with *bouquets* curiously arranged, and suspend from the windows tapestry and white cloths, having inscribed on them verses from the psalms and canticles. The air is loaded with the perfumes of rose, thyme, mignonette, orange, and a thousand other Italian plants. The warmth of the sun seems to inspire the populace. From the tops of the church-towers burst forth the sounds of bands of music, in response to the chimes of the bells, the notes of the instruments in the streets beneath and the voices of the singers. This is, perhaps, of all the Italian festivals, the most splendid: earth, air, women of all ages, men and boys, are all more gay and animated. Humanity wears a more exalted

character and aspires to heaven. There is nothing which has more electrical effect upon the hearts of men than a great public religious festival. Happy, indeed, are the inhabitants of those delicious climates which permit the celebration of these solemn and brilliant ceremonies. How should I rejoice to participate every year in the religious festivals of Rome. Vain wishes!—but, at least, I can solace myself with the recollections of that high festival, that glorious sky, that divine music, that all-pervading harmony—But to return to more terrestrial objects.

On St. Lawrence's eve, the Tuscans invite their friends to make parties in gathering nuts during the night, and, on the next day, each one asks of his neighbour if he has been successful: they who have, make presents to all their acquaintance of the branches of the tree. In these cases, he who has gathered the greatest quantity is considered by the ladies to be the best workman, and the different parties and assemblies on that day abound in all sorts of pleasantries.

The most famous festival at Pisa is the *giorno del Ponte*. It is not a religious one, and is kept in June. It is a battle between the two divisions of the town, St. Mary and St. Anthony, which takes place on the marble bridge over the Arno, and that party is considered triumphant which throws the greatest number of its opponents into the river. The preparations for these fêtes are very great, and occupy the preceding month of May. The illuminations last for several nights, and sometimes they are extended even into the day. All the principal streets are filled with scaffolds and amphitheatres, rising nearly to the roofs of the houses. The citizens are divided into parties, with distinct chiefs and uniforms, and they are constantly occupied in exercising themselves. The various quarters of the town re-echo with the sounds of drums and music. The people of St. Mary choose a commander-in-chief; those of St. Anthony a general. The fictitious hostility is often excited into a real enmity, and members of the same family residing in the two quarters refuse to see or hold any communication with each other. They enter with great earnestness into the cause of their respective fraternities, and maintain their superior bravery, address, and honour, at all hazards. The higher classes are not without some portion of this feeling, which breaks out amongst the lower orders into the most furious invectives. The grand day at last arrives. The companies and battalions form themselves in military array. The colour of St. Mary is blue, of St. Anthony, red. The two generals, richly habited, sword in hand, harangue their armies. They are heard with attention, and their discourses end amidst the liveliest enthusiasm. Brandishing their arms, the two divisions march to battle. The aides-de-camp fly from one part of the field to another with the most exemplary celerity. The streets and quays are crowded with spectators, some of whom have come twenty or thirty leagues to be present at the spectacle. The windows, roofs, and scaffolding, covered with tapestries, and ornamented with flowers, are thronged with

persons of every sex and age. The columns defile along the quays, and the avant-guards approach each other at the opposite ends of the bridge. Then burst forth cries of enthusiastic eagerness for battle. The signal is given. The bridge is covered with combatants. The gauntlets and maces are heard sounding on the shields—and all the movements of real war are mimicked with great success. The cries of the combatants are echoed by those of thousands of spectators, giving spirit and animation to their favourite parties. In order to postpone the result as much as possible, the generals avoid encountering each other. After some time, the fight becomes more irregular, and, instead of division attacking division, it is individual fighting individual. This is the beginning of the real conflict, for now play is given to the passions, and old grudges find an opportunity of gaining satisfaction. Each tries to throw his antagonist into the river, where they are finally picked up by boats stationed for the purpose, and carried on shore half drowned and entirely disgraced. It is an amusing sight to the spectator to witness the address of the different combatants, and with what agility and skill they contrive to send each other over the parapets of the bridge. The strongest and most active men on each side are placed in front of the array, and at last the battle terminates by victory siding with one side or the other. Then arise the most astonishing shouts and *vivas* from the conquerors, whilst the conquered retreat, discomfited and silent. Their partisans, instead of sympathizing in their misfortune, cover them with reproaches. Some are still furious to renew the conflict, but the municipal authorities proceed to the bridge in state and proclaim the victors. The bridge is soon cleared of the soldiery, and filled with carriages and promenaders, and every thing wears an aspect of gaiety and pleasure. Then commence the feasts and sports. The clergy of the two quarters, in full canonicals, march in processions to the bridge, and a reconciliation takes place, which is the third signal of a general peace. The taunts and reproaches, however, last for months afterwards, and accusations of treason and foul play are made in great abundance. The illuminations are extremely brilliant and beautiful. The situation and style of building of Pisa is singularly adapted to this kind of display. The city defrays the expense of lighting up the public offices, churches, theatres, &c.; whilst some of the wealthier proprietors spend from 600 to 2400 francs in illuminating their houses. The population of Pisa, on ordinary occasions, is about 15,000; but during the eight days of this festival, it has been known to average 200,000, collected together from all parts of Tuscany. The quay of the Arno is indeed a splendid sight, forming as it does a crescent, the two ends of which, though more than a mile apart, are visible from the central points; and, when the houses on each side are studded with different coloured lamps, nothing can exceed its magnificence.

The origin of these sports is dated by the Pisans in a very remote age. The antiqua-

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ries maintain, that the first *ultramontane* nations which invaded Italy, introduced the custom of training up the young men in these simulated combats, and that the *giuochi del ponte* of Pisa are a relic of these antique usages. They still talk in lofty terms of the splendour with which they were celebrated in the year 1785, when the royal family of Sicily, and all the princes of Lombardy and Tuscany, were present. The Pisans dwell upon such recollections with great fondness; they are as proud of them as of their departed grandeur, glory, and wealth. It is all which remains of former splendour—the only consolation left them amidst the vicissitudes they have experienced.

The following anecdote is illustrative of the off-hand way in which Bonaparte acted occasionally; we, of course, say nothing of its justice:—

‘About the end of the year 1806, the emperor was at Tilsit, where every thing led to the belief that the suspension of hostilities would end in a peace, and so it was. Bonaparte ordered the Prince Borghese, who had distinguished himself greatly during the campaign, to proceed in all haste to Paris with despatches, and gave him, at the same time, an order on the bureau of M. Estève for one million francs. On returning to Paris himself, he said to the prince one day:—“Borghese, I will buy your statues: how much do you ask?”—“Sire, I have no wish to part with them.”—“I do not ask if you wish to part with them; I tell you I will buy them: how much do you ask?”—“Why, sire, an English company offered my father twenty-five millions of francs for them.”—“Twenty-five millions! it is too much; I will give you eighteen—they are mine.” Thus the bargain was concluded, much against the will of one of the contracting parties; but when the time of payment arrived, Napoleon said: “There are only seventeen millions for you now, as you had one at Tilsit.” The poor prince did not venture to reply.’

The last Prince Borghese was one of the most distinguished persons of his time. His chief pleasure was to improve and embellish his enchanting villa, and collect together every thing valuable in art:—

‘In one part of the park he affixed this inscription:—“We, the inspectors of the villa Borghese-Pinciana, make known as follows:—Stranger, whoever thou art, provided thou art a free man, dread not here the fetters of law, but wander where thou wilt, gather what thou wilt, and depart when it pleaseth thee. Here every thing is for the stranger, and not for the master. In the age of gold, which promises a general security, the owner of this house does not wish to impose any iron laws; his guests shall be subject to no other control than that of their own will and general propriety; but if any one, through malice, shall violate the rule of good-breeding, let him tremble lest the inspector, in his anger, break against him the sacred symbols of that hospitality he has outraged.”’

• ‘This is clearly a mistake.—*Trans.*’

‘This inscription exists no longer, but the same unrestrained freedom of wandering at will over these precincts is granted to the stranger. There is something great and antique in such hospitality which pleases me, and it must be confessed that the pride of the Italians, which throws open their palaces to the public curiosity, is more elevated than that which closes up all access in France, and particularly in England, where the works of art, guarded like females in a seraglio from the gaze of others, attest the egotism and mistrust, rather than the wealth of their owners.’

From these extracts, it will be seen that M. de Jouy is a very spirited writer, and that he has a faculty of description which gives to a person of his closeness of observation great scope in works of this nature.

*Memoirs, Anecdotes, Facts, and Opinions, collected and preserved by LETITIA MATILDA HAWKINS. 2 vols. 12mo.*

THIS is a gossiping book, containing much that is amusing, with a great deal of trash; some of the anecdotes are less delicate than should come from a lady, even of Miss Hawkins’s years; and we can assure her, however much the vanity of her brother may be gratified by inserting his well-written but dull Essay on Parliamentary Reform in the work, it is sadly out of place. Why, we should as soon expect a treatise on political economy in a jest-book.

In noticing a former work by Miss Hawkins, we remarked that several of her anecdotes were excessively stale; and we might reclaim largely from these volumes on behalf of our old friend, Joe Miller. Such, for instance, as Quin’s buying love ready-made, and the man purchasing coals in small quantities, because he liked to have them fresh and fresh, to which she gives ‘a local habitation and a name.’

Miss Hawkins is excessively severe on the memory of Dr. Johnson,—unnecessarily, we had almost said unjustly, so. She sums up the character of the great lexicographer (who is by others said to have had nothing of the bear but the skin), by stating that his charities ‘were bribes to his mental and corporeal disease; and that beyond the lulling of his own desponding irritations by the consciousness of fulfilling a duty, they had no purpose.’

This, whether true or not, is a very uncharitable construction; but Miss Hawkins does not take the most amiable view of human nature, and appears to delight in raking up every scandalous anecdote she can, to insult and injure the memory of those with whom she and her father were acquainted. Her history of the kept mistresses of the day is really disgusting, when proceeding from a female pen. Leaving these, we find in the life of one of them (the celebrated Mrs. Robinson) an interesting account of Sherwin the engraver, which we subjoin. Alluding to the sufficiently notorious way of life in which Mrs. Robinson lived, Miss Hawkins says:—

‘Connected with the atrocious publicity of these proceedings, was the deplorable ruin

of one of the most promising artists that ever graced this country. This was Sherwin the engraver, whom a benevolent patron brought out of the woods of Sussex, where he followed his father’s occupation of cutting pegs for ships. Through this medium he was placed with Bartolozzi; and, while under his instruction, astonished the world of taste by his exquisite engraving of what is called “the Marlborough gem.” He then came forward, but in an irregular way, not at all indicating a disposition to sit down industriously to his own branch of the graphic art; but taking an expensive house in St. James’s Street, where his attention was every other minute claimed by equipages and eccentricities, he went into a desultory variety of drawing, painting, and engraving, in which any one acquainted with the slow progress of the graver may guess which most occupied him.

‘Generous and kind-hearted to the utmost, no sooner did the prospect of success encourage him, than he called up his relations, made gentlemen of them, and tried to associate them in his credit.\*

‘He now became at once the fashion, and fashion’s assiduous votary. Scarlet and nankeen was the spring costume of the men of *ton*; and I have heard from one who was at that time his pupil, that he had four scarlet coats made for him, before he could obtain the colour that satisfied his *artist-eye*. Fortunately he had, I believe, as many brothers as rejected coats.

‘He now projected his picture of the Finding of Moses; and somehow or other there was a little Moses ready found for the purpose, and with nearly as much of whisper and caution as that which attended on the birth of his original. A sketch was made of the subject, which certainly was in a very masterly style, and to which Sir J. H. paid great attention as it proceeded. Our eldest princess was to sit for the Egyptian princess; and, as I heard Sherwin say, he intended to have portraits of all the beauties of the day for her attendants. The scheme brought with it its own hindrances: to see the picture in its progress, to see themselves and one another, the women of fashion were in Sherwin’s drawing-room, from two to four daily; and the *cortège of beau* may be conjectured. Horses and grooms were cooling before the door; carriages stopped the passage of the street; and the narrow staircase ill sufficed for the number that waited the cautious descent or the laborious ascent of others. The wit of *that* time would have furnished a complimentary allusion to the vision of the patriarch. The then young Duchess of R—, queen of beauty, but of manners the most

\* ‘In his imperfectly finished engraving of the Deserted Village, he is said to have introduced the portrait of his father, who was in himself a fine old man. Sherwin was much amused when the rusticity which he himself had quitted with the woods, was brought to his recollection by one of his brothers, a lad, putting his fingers into a dish of potatoes to help himself. The old man, whose sagacity had shown him that manners change with countries, corrected him *sotto voce*, by saying, “Moosn’t grabble yer han ’moong the tatoes here.”’



chastised; her graceful grace of "Deva;" Lady Jersey, newly returned from Paris, where her lord and herself had obtained the distinguished title of "the English couple;" the Waldegraves, daughters of a mother still retaining the traces of almost unrivalled beauty, forgotten, even in its prime, by herself, while engaged in conjugal duties the most cruelly demanding; and many others were there, who claimed places, or were solicited to accept them.\*

'Under such patronage, Sherwin used to brag, that, in the course of a spring-morning, all the beauty and fashion in London, from five to twenty-five, was to be seen in his painting-room. The picture went on accordingly.

'But alas! into this national group there was no admission for "the Perdita." She felt the exclusion, and, to atone for it to herself, she frequented Sherwin's painting-room at other hours, to help him off with his time; consulting him, not only on a portrait of herself, but on circumstances still less connected with the art of engraving; of which, indeed, Sherwin himself seemed to have lost all sight. She was then a star, but of the second magnitude; had been transferred downward, to her great mortification, and was catching at reeds to support her. Her chariot had been set out in the best style, and she had opened to Sherwin all the plan of the pretty basket of five round flowers, which surmounted the rose-wreath disposed into M. R.; she had brought him to confess that, at a distance, this basket did deceive the eye into the notion of a five-pearled coronet; but now she meditated something more striking—a vis-a-vis, the seat-cloths of which should cost as much as the former carriage. In this consultation was interwoven that of the character in which she would be painted; she chose, and not without weighty consideration, the Abra of Solomon kneeling at the feet of her master! But who should be the idolatrous prince? Sherwin told me he could guess the scheme, but, not choosing to further it, he proposed the *secondary dominant*;—he said it was impossible to express the indignation with which she repelled the substitution. "Kneel to him?" said she, "I will die first." This picture proceeded not at all, but it served to talk about; and invitations to dinner kept her alive in the attention of the artist.

'But both were westerling. The expectation of an heir to the noble house of Cavendish quite upset his equanimity. In his devotion to it, on its being announced to him, he fired pistols out at his windows half the night, and half drowned his pupils, for, sad to say! he had pupils, in punch.

\* 'It is melancholy to reflect, that of these personages I can recollect but three surviving. Our princess, and the first named duchess are two. I think, beside the then Lady Craven, and I am doubtful whether she was one, there is no other. If it is true that the lady to whom the name of Isabel belongs, on hearing a gentleman repeat, "Isabel is a belle," answered, "Was a belle," it discovers a grace of which nothing can rob her.'

'These excesses, which had at first but slight cause, soon recurred without any; and, from habit, he would keep vigils to atone for lost time; and then, instead of the slow-paced graver, the rapid crayon was called forth; and, to supply the exigencies of the hour, he would sketch, in the finest style, heads which royal munificence converted into gold. But this could not hold out long: "the sabbath shone no sabbath-day" to his young men; their incessant toil was to assist the funds required by thoughtless expense; his admirers shook their heads; he went into an eclipse; he bound himself to work for a printseller; and, after the usual gradations of fortunes, health, and spirits all broken, he expired, forlorn and comfortless, in a poor apartment of a public inn, in Oxford Street!\*

We shall now detach a few anecdotes found in the volumes, and then take leave of Miss Hawkins and her work:—

'Of the politeness of a common servant-girl, at a little inn in a very obscure part of Ireland, this is a proof. They asked how it happened that the house was so full, it not being assize-time; she replied, "I suppose I must not say it is the goodness of the house, therefore it must be the goodness of the gentlemen."

'The Miss Jenny of the Journey to London was Miss Lowe, of Locks, in Derbyshire. The journey was real, as was the adventure with a person described as Count Basset. In the latter part of her life, the lady used to speak very frankly on the subject of her imprudence and her escape from the consequences of it; and doing so, long after her marriage, when Cibber was at her table, she soon after saw herself represented on the stage,—a breach of hospitality and good faith never forgiven by her family.

'When I had written this, I was very much at a loss to make it consistent with what I knew to be fact, that it was Vanburgh who wrote the Journey to London; but a little trouble of search and inquiry set the matter right. Vanburgh had not completed the play when he died. Cibber took it up, and united with it that perfectly irrelative part, The Provoked Husband. And whoever examines the dramatis personæ of both, will find the difference so great, as to allow the credit of this perfidious deed to rest with Cibber. Foote was guilty of the same sort of offence against society, in his farce of The Author, in which he caricatures a gentleman who had received him as his guest.

'The Lady Grace of The Provoked Husband was Lady Betty Cecil, afterwards Lady Elizabeth Chaplin. She was of the Exeter family, and had been a beauty; but the small-pox had rendered her plain, a misfortune which she bore with such meritorious submission, as to procure her universal love and esteem.

\* 'The picture of the Finding of Moses was at length finished in some sort, and the engraving from it was somehow completed. In addition to all the distraction of mind already mentioned, he began many things on the feeling of the moment, which he never finished: one was the Death of Lord Chatham; another was the Relief of Gibraltar.'

'The celebrated Lord Ligonier used to dislike very much the visits of Colonel Broome; and, finding them very frequent, and that the colonel would take no common hint, he adopted the following method. When he wanted him gone, he would beat on the wainscot, with the ends of his fingers, that species of military march which every soldier knows as a signal to retreat; and the scheme succeeded.'

*Miscellaneous Poems.* By ROBERT POWER. 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1824.

AN unassuming preface ushers these poems to the public, the greater part of which, we are told, were written at an early period of life; the author's apology for publishing them is, that, 'conscious of having written what he felt, he hopes that some of his readers may feel what he has written.' This, we feel assured, will be the case, for several of the poems are really very pretty, and what proceeds from the heart of an author always stands a good chance of finding its way to that of the reader. The work contains poems on a great variety of subjects, including songs, odes, sonnets, and several elegiac pieces, some of which possess considerable merit. Two of these we subjoin, as a fair specimen of our author's powers:—

'With pallid cheek Eliza wept,  
And mourn'd her hapless Henry's doom;  
She wandered where his relics slept,  
And sought him in the dreary tomb.  
'There heaven-sent Pity stole unseen,  
And watch'd the wretched weeping maid;  
Then bending o'er her drooping mein,  
In gently soothing whispers said—  
'Oh! sweet, fond maiden! falls the tear  
Which thus embalms the silent dead;  
But he, sad mourner, is not here—  
To Heav'n thy long-lov'd Henry's fled!  
'Ah! well I knew, she soft replied,  
His spirit sought yon radiant sphere;  
Yet much I loved him ere he died,  
And fondly still would think him here.'

#### TO A BUTTERFLY.

'Go, beauteous insect of the passing hour,  
The transient glories of thy wings disclose;  
Feed on the fragrance of each honied flower,  
Of roseate lustre, or of drooping snows!  
'May no rude hand those glowing pinions tear,  
Or cruel brush their sparkling hues away;  
Skim, while thou may'st, the flowery-scented air,  
And drink the radiance of the noon-tide ray!  
'For love can tell thee summer skies will fade,  
When flowers their fragrant leaves unfold no more;  
But hold from thirsty lips the sweets they shade,  
And ruin all they dearly nursed before.  
'Ah! while too soon those cloudless minutes fly,  
We thus alike their fleeting lapse condemn;  
For those sweet smiles no longer bless the eye  
Of him whose heart had only beat for them!  
'Yet happier thou! an early doom is thine,—  
The first rude storm receives thy parting breath:  
While misery's sigh and sorrow's tears are mine,  
Whose love is doom'd a long and lingering death!'

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*Winter Tales; or, European Nights' Entertainments.* By MARIA SCOTT. 12mo. pp. 421. London, 1824.

IN a prefatory address to the public, Miss Scott tells us that the tales were composed in order to mitigate the corporeal sufferings of her father, General Scott, who had a prodigious fit of the gout, and that they were successful: but, although this may have been the case, we do not pledge ourselves that they are a certain specific for all persons in General Scott's situation. The tales are twenty-three in number; some of them are said to be founded on fact, others purport to be translated from the French and Spanish, and one, we are assured, is from a Greek manuscript. Though not destitute of interest, they are not so good a collection of novellettes as in this age of fiction we are entitled to expect.

*Instructions to Mothers and Nurses on the Management of Children, in Health and Disease: comprehending Directions for regulating their Diet, Dress, Exercise, and Medicine; with a Variety of Prescriptions, adapted to the Use of the Nursery, and an Index of Medical Terms.* By JAMES KENNEDY, M.D. 12mo. pp. 329. Glasgow and London, 1825.

DR. Buchan's treatise on the management of children has long been considered a standard authority. Since this author wrote, however, there have not only been many discoveries in the art of medicine, but many prejudices to remove, which had got such hold as not to be wholly eradicated at once. Many of them have, however, given way to time and circumstances, and have consequently left medicine and medical men less to contend with. We confess that the subject of this volume is one on which we know little; but it really appears to us to be a plain, intelligible, and common-sense manual of instructions for the management of children. The doctrines inculcated are, we are assured, the result of attentive observation, extensive reading, considerable practice, and much reflection. There is one advantage in this work, too obvious and too important to pass unnoticed: it is, that it is written in a popular style, that few technicalities are used, and that even those are explained in a glossary. This is a point of immense importance to the great bulk of mothers and nurses, to whom the work will, on this account, as well as its real merits, strongly recommend itself.

#### ORIGINAL.

##### ILL-FATED LOVERS.

I HAD settled my accounts with mine host and his dependents: my luggage was on board: I had wrapped myself up in my boat-cloak, and had seated myself at the stern of the vessel. A melancholy, perhaps constitutional, but now increased from the idea of leaving the land of my forefathers for that of the stranger, came over me. I thought of home,—I thought of every inmate of that home—of every inmate from whom I had, only a few days before, with such emotion

parted. 'Shall I,' said I to myself, 'find any congenial spirit in the clime to which I am going, who will replace the loved beings from whom seas will shortly separate me?' There is something at all times moving in the idea of separation; but, when that separation is for the first time,—when the prospect of return is far distant,—when the mind, however greedy after novelty, is yet suffering under the poignancy of recent adieus,—then, indeed, is sorrow choaking. I sighed aloud,—perhaps I shed a tear: would that I had never had more unworthy occasion to have done so! 'Land of my birth! and to me pregnant with every tender emotion,' I cried, as the order for departure was given at the helm, 'may I revisit thee under more joyful feelings than I leave thee! and may the loved friends that I leave behind me cherish the remembrance of one whose fondest hope is in the joy of seeing them again!' I turned away from the retiring land, and, giving way to my musing, I was absorbed in melancholy reflections, until the land was undistinguishable from the horizon. The movements and voices of the sailors and passengers roused me from my lethargy: I rose from my seat, and was surprised to find so many companions: I wandered from one face to another: I canvassed, in my mind, their reasons for migration: I thought I already read something of the character of each,—at any rate, I wished to do so. My mind, in its present state of desertion, wanted to find some being similarly circumstanced, with whom to confer,—some object to lean upon. As I was thus musing, I cast my eye on a young man who was thoughtfully looking over the side of the vessel, his head resting on his hand. 'His,' said I, 'is no journey of pleasure.' I watched him attentively: he remained long motionless—absorbed—lost: he started suddenly, left the place where he was standing, and not until the morning afterwards did I see him again. There was something about this gentleman that haunted my imagination, and prompted to an attempt at farther intimacy: his very appearance, as well as his sorrows, interested me: in figure, he was upright, and rather tall; his complexion, whatever might have been its hue of yore, was now rather sallow; his raven-black hair hung wildly over his forehead; his eye was dark, large, and somewhat sunken; he was attired in military undress, surmounted by an ample and dark mantle, apparently of foreign manufacture. During the rest of our voyage, I saw him but seldom, and learnt little to satisfy my curiosity. At last the shores of Portugal, glittering to the rising sun, rose to our view. All was hope. Did I lose sight of thee, England, for one moment, in the glowing expectancy? We landed. Every thing was new to me, and, so situated, I felt bereft when parting from such as the voyage had familiarized me to. My curiosity regarding my interesting fellow-passenger had not been satisfied. As I was about to leave the ship, he asked me if he could serve me. I stated the embarrassments of a stranger in a strange land. It was from Lisbon that he had sailed (in consequence of ill health, consecutive to a wound) when he last visited England,

never to see it more. We went together to the same hotel. I thought him doubly melancholy this evening. He appeared very solicitous to proceed on his journey: he was going, he told me, he feared, on an idle errand; 'but,' said he, with considerable emotion, 'a longer stay in England would have been death to me.' We parted for the night. I had hoped to have seen him in the morning,—but no, he was gone. A letter, however, he had left for me in the hands of the waiter: it was written hastily and wildly, and dated 3 o'clock: it explained all. 'Ah why, my Estrella,' did it say, 'did the fates ordain that I should see thee but to weep and die!' Estrella was the daughter of a Spanish grandee: she had loved, and her passion was warmly returned. The British camp had been suddenly broken up. The lovers had met: they had parted,—alas! for ever. Captain C— was wounded in the retreat: his health was despaired of: England was recommended to him: to it he had gone. He had returned to find out his friend,—to make her his beyond the chance of separation; but it was a delusion. Several months afterwards, at a considerable distance, I found out my unfortunate friend: he was much altered; disappointed hope had made sad havoc with him; a hectic flush announced the worm within; every hope for the continuance of his life had vanished from him;—and for why?—Because he had too truly learnt that his Estrella, to soothe the pangs of his absence, had preceded him to realms to which her unfortunate friend was so soon to follow. She was gone; but she had left in the hands of a relation a locket of her hair, to be given to her lover, should he ever appear again in Spain. At the back of it was a little piece of embroidery, showing two birds flying different ways, drawing tighter a true lover's knot. It was surely too emblematical of her love and fidelity.

##### THE LIEUTENANT.

'WELL! poor Tom,' said I, 'thine has been a strange career in this world of trouble and inconstancy; and here, at length, I find thee beneath the green carpet of nature, with nothing to mark the spot but thy quaint epitaph. Art thou so soon forgotten by thy once numerous friends,—falleth it to my share to be the solitary being who droops over thy permanent residence in this remote corner?' Such were my reflections as I stood pondering over the grave of the once lively Ellison. He came into the world with brilliant prospects, and the sun-beams of happiness shone with a steady halo over the cradle which protected him, and the first twenty years of his career. The heir of a handsome property,—a posthumous child,—the darling of his mother, and a favourite with all, he enjoyed a life of almost uninterrupted pleasure, until he became unhappily associated with some of those abandoned characters who, polished in their manners, and masked in friendship, are well calculated to impose on men more artful, less honourable, less candid, than he. The heart which glowed in his own bosom with every generous impulse that could do it honour, award-



ed the same to others; and he speedily became, by false representations and assumed distress, too deeply involved in their machinations to escape without the sacrifice of all his funds, and an embarrassment to a considerable amount beyond them. E—g, the centre of his delights, was no longer a fit residence for him, and, with a heavy heart and a reluctant hand, he accepted, as an only resource, a subaltern's commission in the militia. But his grief was only the distress of a moment; he carried with him a buoyant soul, which, like the active sea-bird on its stormy home, if overwhelmed for an instant, rallied in the next, to be the more triumphant in the contest it submitted to. His handsome countenance, sparkling with intelligence and good humour, his fine person, his ready wit, his present courtesy, rendered him a general favourite with the females, while, at the same time, he had the enviable luck to steer clear of the jealousy of the men. The gaieties inseparable from his new occupation, while they yielded much enjoyment, were unproductive of expense; and the first accorded as well with his inclinations, as the latter with his finances. Thus circumstanced, he soon ceased to regret the cause, at the same time that he forgave the instruments, of his calamity, and continued to flourish a bloodless sword on his native land, in preference to encountering the fatigues and privations of a foreign station. While, therefore, his more enterprising brethren were yearly availing themselves of the volunteering system, to seek death or honour in other climes, he felt perfectly contented in his own; and, like a favourite child in a large family, was the chief pride and animation of the mess. During the long period which that unexampled war embraced, that tore laurels and crowns from the brows of emperors and veterans, to place them on the temples of plebeians and of youth, he remained a steady adherent to his regiment;—until the plains of Waterloo, flooded with the richest blood of Europe, became the grave of France's pride—the monument of England's glory, none was more happy than he: but now came the order to disembody his corps, which was one of the few regiments whose period of service was prolonged till this time. It was a bitter change to many,—by few was the summons more reluctantly obeyed than Ellison;—the separation of those who for a series of years had met daily to join in its duties, amusements, and conviviality, was like the tearing asunder, and dispersing widely, a domestic circle of relatives. But it was in vain to repine, and Tom had ascertained in that impressive school—experience, that the best alleviation of misfortunes is to forget them. His prospects were, assuredly, none of the most flattering: sixteen long years had he been accustomed to select and agreeable society; to an unceasing routine of amusement, to a frequent change of abode; and now he was thrown on the wide world of mortals, with the slender pittance of half-a-crown a day, to supply him with various requisites of life. His inclinations bent not towards any pursuit, since he could no longer follow that which had occu-

pied so great a share of his time. Bread and cheese were to him far richer blessings, with free and unconstrained liberty, than more splendid luxuries without it. He therefore sought, in this sequestered spot, economy and contentment. His pliant disposition yielded at once to his altered circumstances, and in the occupation of books, and an occasional ramble through the wilds that surrounded him, he found the days less tardy than he was apt to apprehend. Death came, at last, without being either much wished for or feared, and Tom yielded to his undeniable mandate with every composure. His grave was protected by rushes, a custom not unusual in Wales and on a small head-stone was inscribed this epitaph:—

'If handsome, be not vain—if witty, proud—  
If courted, flatter'd;—for in humble bier,  
Oh! gentle reader, and in formal shroud,  
Behold thy counterpart reposes here.'

A. LOST.

## CLOAKS AND GREAT COATS,—A SKETCH.

BLESSINGS on the revival of that ancient, useful and elegant article of dress, a cloak! Our forefathers, in their native nudity, fashioned their rude covering into cloaks; and kings, priests, statesmen, lawyers, soldiers, and lovers, have, in all ages, acknowledged their supremacy. Amidst the stormy vicissitude of events since the flood, and even perhaps since the creation of the world to the year 1825, the only surviving relic of humanity is a cloak. It is the unsophisticated beau ideal of dress, but has, till lately, been generally thrown aside as an incumbrance to the bustling activity of our money-getting habits. To him, however, who can make a proper compromise between business and its impediments, not caring if an additional pound-weight in his dress prevents his arrival on 'Change till the last stroke of nine, I recommend to make trial of this comfortable incumbrance. Perhaps he may dislike the attractive glare of its red lining,—nor indeed do I think it in good taste; but let him please his own fancy in this particular, and sally forth, some raw, wet, and frosty morning, cased in one of these impenetrable wrappers, and I am certain he will find due fault with my poverty of encomium. 'Talk of trifles,' says he, as he lounges along,—'let people wear a cloak before they pretend to question the weight and solidity of the subject.' 'Very cold, sir,' says a passing acquaintance. 'So I have been informed,' he replies, and then stops at a print-shop window to indulge in a pinch of snuff. Invulnerable both by frost and rain, he despises the pretended protection of an umbrella, and, like the great Achilles, conscious of super-human endowment, braves the furious assailing with a proud contempt. Nor is this the only protection which a cloak affords: it creates a very salutary confusion of identity, sometimes extremely desirable. The facility and grace with which you may transfer it to the person of some fair acquaintance has its merit, not often unproductive of reward;—indeed, I know a singular instance of this,—but I must not unfold such cloaked secrets. The most spirited piece of

gallantry, connected with my subject, is related of Sir Walter Raleigh, who, attending Queen Elizabeth one day on a walk, and coming to a plashy strip of ground, which arrested her majesty's progress, no sooner perceived the dilemma, than he took from off him a splendid velvet cloak, and, throwing it across the mud and dirt, made such a passage for her to go over as her royal womanhood never forgot. How could such a fine thing as this ever have been achieved with a great coat?—Imagine it spread in the mud,—its long arms blown about, and buffeting the air; then think of the two skirts flying up to an indecent height, striving which shall most expertly entangle the feet, and lay majesty prostrate in the mud. Had Sir Walter Raleigh made such an unsuccessful attempt, he would have almost deserved to lose his head for the vulgarity and clumsiness of the idea.

I have been roused to this scribbling by some prejudiced remarks which a friend of mine made, the other morning, at my breakfast-table. He asserted that cloaks have a vulgar appearance, and cast on the wearer a similar identity, although he well remembers having been heartily laughed at, when riding one evening on horse-back, at full gallop, through a country town, dressed in a white great coat, to the amazement of the rabble, who mistook him for the baker: so much for vulgar identity. Last winter, the great coats were exceedingly diverting, from the pannier pockets, if I may so call them, which hung down at each side—an economical invention, to save the expense of gloves. Besides such remarkable peculiarities, a great coat is too close and swaddling to give as much freedom or warmth as a cloak: we feel that we have two coats on, and are made restless by the restraint. Then the skirts are continually turning round our knees, and, when they happen to get very wet, are excellently adapted to inflict us with a cold. So much for great coats! *A cloak's the thing.*

S. C.

## MR. FARADAY'S LECTURES AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTION.

## To the Editor of the Literary Chronicle.

SIR,—Your having indulged me with a place in a former number of your *Literary Chronicle*, in some observations at the commencement of Mr. Faraday's chemical lectures at the Royal Institution, induces me to hope that you will now grant the same privilege at his conclusion, on the 20th inst.

My anticipations in the former paper have not been disappointed; and I think I may congratulate the philosophic world on the acquisition of so able a demonstrator as Mr. Faraday; but, indeed, who, possessing genius, could fail to become so, in such a school as the laboratory of the Royal Institution, and under such eminent masters as Sir H. Davy and Professor Brande.

In what I have to say I shall have much to commend, and something to censure; but, as I before stated that I have not a personal intimacy with Mr. Faraday, so my raises cannot proceed from the bias of friendship: and, as my pursuits in life are

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quite distinct from his, so my censures cannot arise from any collision of interest. It is a very easy matter to point out any person's defects, but it will be a difficult thing for any one to reach Mr. Faraday's acquirements and excellences.

Mr. Faraday's arrangement and classification of the metals has been the same which Mr. Brande had pursued in his lectures; consequently, we might have supposed that Mr. Faraday would only have been able to go over the same ground, with very little diversity or additional interest to his audience: yet, although limited to the same track, he has, without seeming to have had any intention of doing so, given his lectures a distinct and pleasing character; every where showing an intimate acquaintance with his subject; to use a chemical term, seeming to be supersaturated with it; and, where he takes time, conducting his audience, step by step, on firm ground, through the mazes of analytical science. Nothing could be more pleasing than the manner in which he developed the delicate and rather circuitous process by which Sir H. Davy arrived at a metallic base of lime; also, the mode by which he inferred the nature of fluor spar, and the combination of fluoric acid with the metals, forming fluates and fluorides, analogous to the chlorides; and also of Mr. Brande's beautiful process for the formation of the two combinations of mercury with chlorine, by the mutual decomposition of the sulphates of mercury and common salt.

In following Mr. Faraday through his lectures, I have much admired the caution and modesty he observes in offering any new opinion; but it appears to him that the substance selenium ought no longer to be classed with metals, having a greater analogy to the simple inflammable bodies, sulphur, phosphorus, &c. It appears also to him, that there is great reason to conclude, that the bases of the bodies, silica and alumina, ought rather to be classed with the substances last mentioned, than with the metals.

I will not trouble our readers with any more observations on Mr. Faraday's science or abilities, but pass on to that which is not so agreeable to me. I think he does not sufficiently generalise his subject: this I attribute to his want of experience in lecturing. By going too much into detail, in order to introduce all he has to say into the short space of a lecture, he adds a haste to his naturally rapid pronunciation, which deteriorates much from the clearness of demonstration. I would rather be taught a little well than much indifferently: I wish to see general principles established with a well-defined example, illustrative of the case; and, when time will not permit doing more, to state the analogies only of the other bodies, and leave them as consecratories to the general principle.

I know of nothing which so much facilitates the progress of the student, as the diagrams showing the mutual decomposition of any bodies, and should wish to see more of them introduced, even should there be no time for the lecturer to notice them; but, by having them exhibited to the sight while the

lecturer is on the subject, the student sees, at one glance, what would take several sentences to convey.

I must say something respecting Mr. Faraday's verbal delivery. I have before stated it to be rapid; but when he has to pronounce several compound chemical terms successively, each of which would comprise a sentence, and rapidly run into each other with the same time and same stress, the mind becomes at once at a stand, and is unable to proceed to what follows. I think all such words should be uttered with a particular distinctness, so as to permit the mind to rest a moment on each; for in most cases it is necessary that the mind should make the analysis of such compound terms as it proceeds, in order to form a just conception of the result of the experiment then under consideration. I think Mr. Faraday might, as far as relates to what we have just said, with advantage to himself, and pleasure to his audience, pay some attention to the graces and propriety of elocution. These I consider, not as adventitious, but solid acquisitions, and all who acknowledge the powers of oratory must admit the observation. I should, at the same time, be sorry to find Mr. Faraday substituting any supposed ornament instead of his present natural and unaffected manner.

Mr. Faraday's haste sometimes betrays him into such incongruous expressions as *caput mortua*, *plumbum cornea*; I should like to see these corrected. I do not like, either, *ceanogin* for cyanogen; nor *oxegen* for oxygen. I have only one thing more to notice: I should like, when any experiment is concluded, and another brought under notice, that all the vials, &c., which have performed a part in the last, should be withdrawn; I consider them as the *personæ* of the drama, who, after having performed their part, by remaining on the stage, only add obscurity to the performance.

Upon the whole, I have been greatly delighted by Mr. Faraday's lectures; and consider these little defects I have just mentioned as very trifles, when compared to his many solid excellences,—as mere specks in a luminous body, which are seen more distinctly in proportion to the brilliancy of the rest. I think Mr. Faraday would have appeared to greater advantage if he had not been limited to time; I should be glad to see the time extended, by some means, for going through a course of chemistry, either by adding more days in the week for lecturing, or prolonging the time for giving lectures. I cannot conceive it possible for any student, in the course of fifty-four lectures of an hour each, to be able to possess himself of the extensive and extending science of chemistry.

NAUTICUS.

20th January, 1825.

#### THE RAMBLES OF ASMODEUS.

NO. XXII.

MR. EDITOR,—Do not think from my silence that I have been idle. I have scoured both hemispheres for you, and would have traversed twenty more, were they to be found. I have clearly ascertained that an

Irish cannibal actually murdered and eat a portion of his fellow convicts at Botany Bay; I have seen Lord Amherst in a great funk at Calcutta, on account of his war with the Burmese; I have watched the persecuting spirit of the Governor of the Cape of Good Hope; have traversed the United States of America during the contest for the presidency likely to be conferred on General Jackson; have seen that old dotard, La Fayette's, reception at the senate; witnessed the murders, burnings, and other outrages of the Ashantees, in returning through the Fantee country; laughed at the Capitan Pacha, on his entering Constantinople, after losing all his fleet; paid a visit to Ibrahim Pacha, son of the Viceroy of Egypt, in the Candian sea (not the Canadian seas, as one of the daily papers told us); and popped into Gibraltar, and learnt that the *late* (present) Earl of Chatham had once risen as early as half-past two o'clock, p. m.

This is not all I have done—I put a stitch in a new petticoat Ferdinand the Stupid of Spain is embroidering for the Virgin Mary, and imposed on his sister, the Queen of Portugal a Kensington turnpike-ticket as an identical pass-check one of the followers of our Saviour received on the entry into Jerusalem. On the Continent I have been particularly busy: I wrote for the Emperor of Russia his ukase, which fixed the number of sufferers, at the late inundations, at five hundred, instead of five thousand, but I had no share in his cruel edicts against the Jews in Poland. Every thing I do is *right*, therefore I had no share in the left-handed marriage of that starchy personage, the King of Prussia, who *promises* a constitution and gets a wife. I called in on the King of Bavaria, but found him so full of honours paid him at Vienna, and so anxious to negotiate the marriage of another child, that I could get nothing worth hearing from him. I visited the King of Denmark, and found him sober and sensible as usual, and then proceeded to the long-nosed, but not long-headed, King of Sweden—the adventurer Bernadotte, the only one of Bonaparte's generals ever suspected of being destitute of personal courage. I told him that royalty sat awkwardly on him, and that he had better sell his throne and turn stock-jobber, or any respectable employment, for that his dynasty could never be perpetuated.

In France I found monarchy and monkey reigning as absolute as before the revolution; and the priests getting the two Chambers to pass a law, by which every one who does not pay an idolatrous reverence to a consecrated wafer, is to be punished with the loss of his head and his hand. Popery is raising its crest every where: in Italy, the pope is about to open the churches as asylums for robbers and assassins; in Spain, the inquisition will be revived ere long, and even in England we are about to be inflicted with a Catholic association. But to return to France, where the government is about to reimburse the cowardly emigrants who deserted their king and fled their country, at the very moment their services were most wanted, and to reduce the *rentes*. The last mercenary my friend, Sir William Curtis, though



not partial to any thing French but Cogniac, approves of mightily, and says, he will take an early opportunity of bringing a bill into Parliament to reduce the rents in this country, where they are extravagant.

The newspapers state, William *Stray* Wilson, the traveller, has been arrested in France, in mistake for Sir Robert Wilson, the hero of Corunna: the knight of Southwark ought to contradict this. What, a military nation, like France, mistake the devotee of the Holy Sepulchre for a general!—O, the thing's impossible.

I have been to Holland, that land of *canaux*, *canards*, and *canaille*, as Voltaire called it; and visited that town whose name, though forming but one syllable, yet, when stripped of a letter, becomes a word of two syllables: I will not doubt your being *Oedipus* enough to make it out. The Dutch character never changes: the people wear as large inexpressibles, and are as avaricious at home and as tyrannical abroad, as ever. The late Prince of Orange once bespoke a play at Ostend, and gave a *louis-d'or*; and another prince of that family, when living in this country, paid an equal sum weekly to his mistress and his washerwoman.

But to return home, after a pretty extensive tour, as you will perceive; I find Englishmen bit with the mania of speculation, and no wonder,—for who would be content with the tedious and niggardly income of three per cents., when, by merely putting his name down for fifty or a hundred in rail-road, mining, or other shares, he may realize a few hundreds without risking a farthing. Why, I understand the *Real del Monte* (which Alderman — says means a real mountain of money) Mining Company shares, on which only £70 has been paid, have been sold at £1360. The fact is, we are too rich: in war, thanks to the ministers, they relieved us, in loans and taxes, of from 100 to 134 millions sterling annually; but now that they can only find employment for about fifty millions, we are put to sad shifts to know what to do with the surplus.

There is, however, a great resource in human ingenuity, and every day produces some new project; those which relate to the internal improvement of the country, or to benefit any class of individuals who need it, are worthy of support; but as to the mining companies, I feel assured that they will all terminate in a bubble-and-squeak company: and, although the mere jobbers may get rich, the permanent holders of the shares will only reap a harvest of disappointment, and by their mining be *minus*. Let them mark this, and, if they have any gratitude, they will show it to

ASMODEUS.

#### PENNSYLVANIA HOSPITAL.

An intention of founding an hospital seems to have been entertained as early as 1707, when it is known to have been agitated at a meeting of the people called Quakers. Application was made to the proprietary for a charter and assistance, at the same time when this was done for the 'town and county school,' being the same now under the care of a corporation chosen from that reli-

gious society, and whose principal establishment is in Fourth Street, Philadelphia. The school was erected, and put in operation, but the difficulties in which Penn's liberality had involved him, and which compelled him, in the following year, to mortgage the province, are supposed to have been the cause of the other benevolent design proving abortive.\*

We have not heard of any renewed attempt to found an hospital, till the end of the year 1750. It is said that the legislature had, before this period, provided a place for the care of sick strangers, although the accounts imply that an 'equally tender care' had not been bestowed on the domestic poor in the same predicament.

Application for assistance having been made to the proprietors, Thomas and Richard Penn, they gave the northern side of the present square on which the hospital stands. Two thirds of this, situated on the south side, had then been purchased by private subscriptions, and the donation of the proprietors included the remainder.

Besides this square, a similar one to the east, nearly the whole of a smaller one to the south, half of another to the west, and a lot to the south-west, have all been purchased at the then low prices, by the managers of the hospital, and are kept open for purity of the air. They are employed for the support of the milch cows, and occasionally farmed. They form the finest collection of open ground within the city—amounting to upwards of fourteen acres.

On the 28th of May, 1755, the east wing of the present building was commenced, by laying the south-east corner stone—a large block of marble, having the following inscription, by Franklin:—

'In the year of Christ  
MDCCCLV.

George the Second happily reigning  
(For he sought the happiness of his People),  
Philadelphia flourishing  
(For its Inhabitants were public-spirited),  
This Building,

By the Bounty of the Government,  
And of many private Persons,  
Was piously founded  
For Relief of the Sick and Miserable.  
May the God of Mercies  
Bless the Undertaking.'

The roof was raised on the 27th of October, of the same year. Almost all of a large number of tradesmen, and even of the labourers, among whom the purchases and work were divided, contributed a share towards the undertaking. From this time forward the institution was regularly open.

The house, in its present form, consists of a central square part, united by two long buildings to two wings, running north and south, and parallel with the sides of the original square. The centre is about sixty-three feet in length by sixty-one in depth—

\* An occurrence took place about this time, singular in several respects, and illustrative of his difficulties, as well as of the small value of his American property. We mean an actual agreement with Queen Anne, to sell the province of Pennsylvania for 12,000*l*.

the eastern long building is eighty-one feet by twenty-eight feet east and west by one hundred and eleven in the north and south direction. The western long building is eighty-one feet by thirty-three feet six inches—the west wing thirty feet by one hundred and eleven. The length of the whole is two hundred and eighty-three feet.

The whole, together with additional erections, forms part of a hollow square, with ample intervals for the circulation of air; and it has been proposed to enlarge the buildings on this plan, by additions in a line with each wing. For the further attainment of this purpose of ventilation, have been procured and kept open those lots of ground which surround the hospital on three sides. The advantages resulting from this caution are palpably apparent at every moment, in the exemption of the institution from those diseases peculiar to such establishments in Europe. Such things as an epidemic typhus fever, or an hospital gangrene, so destructive in similar institutions, in other parts of the world, are absolutely and altogether unknown in the Pennsylvania Hospital.

Of the older section of the building, extending from the eastern extremity to the central square, the first floor is appropriated to surgical patients generally, the second to medical, and the basement to dining-rooms for the sick and surgical patients, besides a range of old cells, of which we shall speak hereafter. The square part in the centre is occupied principally by the family accommodations and offices. The basement story contains the kitchen, a servants' chamber, and two dining-rooms. On the first floor are the library, which serves also for the managers' office, the apothecary's establishment, and two rooms occupied by the family. On the second floor are the lying-in ward, and the chambers of the medical men of the house, and of part of the steward's family. In the next story is an elegant amphitheatre for surgical operations and for lectures, illuminated by a sky-light; and on the same floor are three wards, employed in part for the reception of patients operated on. The west end is exclusively devoted to the insane, containing two rows of cells in each story, including the basement, of the long building—and about sixteen cells, with eight large handsome rooms in the wing, besides the garrets. Upwards of seventy rooms in all are employed for this description of patients, in the west end; and, occasionally, use has been made of a part of fourteen old cells, forming a single row in the basement story, already mentioned, of the east end. It is to be lamented that the ideas of a lunatic asylum, prevalent at the time of planning the hospital, induced the founders to place cells partly below the level of the ground. An area of about ten feet wide is excavated on both sides, completely round the west end, the centre, and the cells of the east end—thus rendering those cells whose floors are below the ordinary level of the ground, dry and comfortable—the court-yards and grass-plots being visible from the windows.

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the north side, is situated, what is called in Europe, a Lock hospital, three stories high, neatly built, comfortable, and capable of containing fifty patients.

A house for washing, ironing, and some culinary processes, occupies a somewhat similar station at the west wing. A building containing West's celebrated picture of Christ healing the Sick, as also the green-houses, and, till lately, the anatomical museum, is situated opposite the north side of the hospital, and fronts on Spruce Street.

The prospect from all parts of the buildings forming this asylum is probably more agreeable to the eye than any similar one in the world. Besides the consideration of ventilation, an object to the importance of which we have already alluded, the guardians of this institution have always had in view the benefit derived by the sick from agreeable impressions made upon their minds. This is consulted by great general attention to neatness, and an air of comfort in all the appointments of the house, and, among other things, by the prospect from all parts of it. Every window to which a patient has access opens upon a garden, and most of them upon a highly-agreeable one—the eye thus meeting, instead of dull or disagreeable masses of brick, with the freshness and verdure of nature.

In connection with this may be mentioned several circumstances, rendering the hospital pleasing or interesting to visitors; such as, its imposing situation in the midst of so many fine squares, the grandeur of a range of lofty buttonwood trees\*, which surround the lot on which it stands, and several articles of ornament, nearly all of which are the gift of private individuals. Among these are a green-house, and several relics of William Penn. During the warm season, the exotic plants are arranged in front of the house, round a semicircular walk, producing, together with the overshadowing buttonwoods, and the ornamental trees of the adjacent court-yards, a rich and mellow relief to the eye, said to resemble that of a garden in the West Indies.

There has also been presented to the institution a scion of Penn's famous elm-tree, some time since destroyed at Kensington, which is said to have overshadowed an Indian treaty, and is celebrated by the classical pen of Ransay. This is now a thriving young tree, in the west lot. It is to be wished that the race of this tree may never be suffered to be lost: it is certainly accompanied with better recollections than the famous tree of Romulus, of which the Romans took so much reverential care. Penn's great oaken chair is also preserved, having been brought from his old residence of Pennsbury Manor, in Bucks county. For the splendid donation of a fine statue of this eminent man, the institution and the city are under obligation to John Penn, Esq., of Stoke Poges, in England, a lineal descendant of the proprietary and founder. This statue, which, I am

informed by an eminent artist of this city, is to be considered a good authority for Penn's likeness†, was originally made for Lord le Despencer, who erected it on an ornamental building, employed as a saw-mill, on his superb grounds at High Wycomb, in England. After that nobleman's death, it was purchased by the donor, and presented to the hospital. It is of lead, bronzed, and stands on the south and ornamented front of the house, amid the before-mentioned semicircle.

In addition to the buildings already enumerated, there are a fire-proof stable and a large brick erection, just completed, the objects of which are various: the lower story is to be employed for work-shops and offices, and as a substitute for the existing stable, which is then to be converted to the use of the deranged, affording a day-room for the women, and a number of cells; the second story forms a very large day-room for the exercise and employment of the men-lunatics; and the insufficient chamber, at present occupied for this purpose, will then augment their lodging-room.

### ORIGINAL POETRY.

TO ISY.

Is it true that we must sever?

It is true we part for ever?

By the maddening ties of love—

By the sacred powers above—

Isy, is it then my lot

By thy heart to be forgot.

Better 'twere, for feeling's sake,

That this raptur'd heart should break;

Better snap the cords of life,

Than lose one thought of thee, my wife;

Better stifle misery's tear,

Than ever part with thee, my dear.

At thy shrine I sacrificed

All that e'er I exercised:

Pride, that never brook'd restraint,

Bow'd before its idol saint;

And the lip that scorn'd deceit

Humbly stoop'd to press thy feet.

Is there naught can change my state,

Or render life less desolate?

Oft I've lain my head to rest

On that pure untroubled breast,

Gaz'd upon thy radiant eye,

Caught the music of thy sigh;—

Oft I've slumber'd, calm as death,

On the lip that hush'd its breath;

Listened to thy eloquence

Till it raptur'd every sense,

And deem'd but that a friend would fain

Turn all my ecstasy to pain.

But 'tis past—and wounded pride

Rises at my rival's bride;

Feelings ever so acute,

Tho' they sleep not, must be mute;

And the hope thou once wast mine

Reason tells me to resign.

† Clarkson, in his life of Penn, expresses doubts of the authenticity of the likeness in this statue, vol. 2, p. 267, Am. edit. He does not mention his grounds for calling it in question. The best likeness of Penn extant, according to this writer, is the bust executed by his friend, Sylvanus Bevan—a copy of which, by the author, is now in the Loganian Library.

Fare thee well—and, tho' we sever  
From each other now for ever,  
Still there is a hope that clings  
To my soul's imaginings;  
And which death can never chill—  
Isy married 'gainst her will. N. C.

### FINE ARTS.

ST. PAUL'S SCHOOL.

ALTHOUGH we certainly did not regret the removal of the former old uncouth building, which had no pretensions whatever either to importance or to beauty\*, we little anticipated that it would be succeeded by a structure which, whether with regard to its extent or the classical elegance of the design, deserves a foremost place among the architectural embellishments of our metropolis. It is not asserting too much to say, that it really eclipses most of our public edifices, and must put to shame some of those at the west end of the town. The old building having become much dilapidated, the Mercers' Company, who are the trustees of the school†, determined upon taking it down and rebuilding it on a more extensive scale; for which purpose they obtained an act enabling them to purchase the ground and buildings on the south side, so that the extent of the present front is two hundred and nine feet. The elevation presents a basement, with horizontal rustics; and a Corinthian order, with fluted columns, and a highly enriched frieze, copied from the Temple of Vesta, at Tivoli. In the centre is an elegant hexastyle portico, within which is a single range of lofty windows, belonging to the school-room. On either side this portico are two series of windows, five on each floor; and the extremities of the building are decorated with two half columns, similar to those of the portico, and two antæ, between which are three windows on each floor: thus the whole extent of front comprises twenty-one windows on a floor. The foot pavement for passengers is carried beneath the portico; and within this lower portico are five gates of iron work, opening between cast-iron Doric columns into the area, which occupies all the centre-

\* We by no means agree with the writer who calls the old school 'a very singular but very handsome edifice.'

† Dr. John Colet, dean of St. Paul's, the founder of the school (in 1511) appointed, as the patrons and governors of the same, 'the most honest and faithful fellowship of the Mercers of London.' The foundation is for one hundred and fifty-three boys. There is annually an examination of the scholars on the second Monday and Tuesday after Easter; and on the Thursday following, a grand apposition takes place, at which the eighth class and the seniors of seventh deliver recitations in Greek, Latin, or English, previously to entering some college. The captain of the school, on leaving it for college, has an exhibition of 40*l.* per annum for four years, and 50*l.* for the three succeeding years.

This school has produced several very eminent scholars and celebrated characters, among whom may be mentioned Leland, Camden, Milton, Bishop Cumberland, Charles Earl of Orrery, Dr. Edmund Halley, Thomas Taylor the Platonist, &c.

\* These trees were planted in the year 1756, by the late Hugh Roberts, of Philadelphia, who presented them to the institution.



part of the ground-floor, and which is intended for an ambulatory or play-ground for the scholars. Above this area is the school-room, which is sixty-eight feet in length by thirty-three in width, and twenty-seven to the ceiling; the latter is arched at each extremity, and terminated by a dome, which serves externally to crown the building. At the south end of the school-room are two small studies; and at the north is the library: this latter apartment communicates with the principal floor of the high master's residence. The second master occupies the corresponding apartments on the south side, and the extremities of the building, or wings, are appropriated to the third and fourth masters. Each of these dwellings is quite detached, and has its separate entrance. These entrances, two on each side the portico, are designed in excellent taste: the doors have five square panels in height, set round with bold studs; by which means they exhibit a character of simplicity and strength well adapted to their situation.

Having thus briefly described the chief features and arrangement of the building, we will proceed to make some remarks on its architecture. As far as regards the plan, we do not think that a happier distribution of the various parts, at once so simple and so convenient, could have been made, especially when the nature of the site is considered. The centre of the building is entirely appropriated to the purposes of the scholars—the lower portion to a place for their recreation, the upper to the school-room; and externally this division of the structure possesses due importance, and is sufficiently well characterized. The other parts, although subordinate, do not, as too frequently happens, present any discordant contrast; but the whole harmonizes well, and is in what painters term due keeping. There is none of that repulsive mixture of ostentation and parsimony,—none of that disproportion, nor any of those trivial ornaments, that are so offensive to good taste; and of which it would be so easy to point out recent examples. Hence, although this façade is richly decorated, it possesses an air of chasteness and simplicity, an unity of character, and a certain graceful amenity, that cannot fail to command admiration. In these respects it is very far superior to the New Union Club-House, in Cockspur Street, which is certainly not the worst of the architectural specimens that have been produced at the other end of the town. In that building, the Ionic columns are elegant in their design and noble in their dimensions, but beyond these there is little to approve or commend; for the other features neither accord with, nor are worthy of them:—there is absolutely nothing else in proportion or character with them. Many of the windows, together with the entrances, the projecting balconies, and the upper part of the building, strike us as being uncouth, ill-proportioned, and altogether in bad style, so much so as altogether to destroy the effect of the columns, which, considered by themselves, certainly are grand. We are less irritated and vexed at seeing a building uniformly mean and trivial

than at perceiving beauties and blemishes brought into close contact; in the first instance nothing is spoiled, in the other one is provoked at finding the effect of what would otherwise have been admirable totally destroyed.

Let us not be considered as having here stepped out of the way impertinently, for we cannot better illustrate those qualities which add such a grace and charm to the building we are noticing, than by contrasting it with another which, although not without beauties, is so deficient in many of the essentials of good taste. But it will perhaps be asked, is there, then, nothing to censure in the design of Saint Paul's School? To this we reply, nothing of importance, or that can materially diminish our admiration.

Yet we must admit that we are not altogether so well satisfied with the contour of the dome, or with its design generally: not that it is inelegant, but it seems inferior to the rest of the elevation. In the next place, the chimneys are too conspicuous, and impart a homely air to the roof of the building, and interfere with the dome, when it is viewed from either the north or south side of the church-yard. After all, however, these trivial defects detract so little from the sum of our gratification that they hardly merit notice, except so far as the mentioning them may serve to show that we are willing to be impartial. The front of the edifice is entirely of Portland stone, and all the mouldings and ornaments beautifully executed,—in a style worthy of the beauty of the design\*. After what we have already said, it may seem almost needless to compliment the architect (George Smith, Esq.) on the ability and taste which he has displayed in this beautiful edifice, but we cannot help congratulating him on the opportunity which has been afforded him of displaying his talents to such advantage. What he has here accomplished cannot fail to distinguish him in his profession; indeed, he has shown himself inferior to none of his contemporaries, and we sincerely wish that this may not be the last opportunity afforded him of adding to the public embellishments of the city. We must also observe, that considerable credit is due to the trustees for the liberality and good taste which they have manifested in making choice themselves, or in permitting the architect to make choice for them, of so elegant a design.

When the New Post Office is erected, and St. Paul's church-yard opened to St. Martin's Le Grand—as we understand it is designed to be—a very rich architectural view will be formed. Even now, the view from the south side of the cathedral, so as to take in the extremity of that edifice, forms a beautiful piece of scenery, with a pleasing effect of light and shade. But it were greatly to be wished that the adjoining houses were built in a better style, and so as not to project beyond the front of the new edifice. It were too much, perhaps, to expect that the area of St. Paul's Church-

\* The builder was Mr Peto, who was also the builder of the New Custom House, and of other extensive structures.

yard will ever be extended, at least materially; but we venture to hope that, in this age of improvement, the surrounding houses may at no very distant period be built in a more uniform and substantial manner, and all those little irregularities and projecting angles removed, which, however favourable they may be to picturesque effect and contrast, add little to the grandeur and dignity which such a scene ought to possess.

### THE DRAMA.

DRURY-LANE THEATRE.—An opera (we will not call it a new one) was produced at this theatre on Wednesday night last, under the title of *The Fall of Algiers*. It is from the pen of Mr. Walker, the author of *Wallace*, a young gentleman of some talent, who is writing himself down as rapidly as any person can possibly do. The title and subject of the opera have been hackneyed at all the minor theatres, since the bombardment of Algiers, in 1816, by Lord Exmouth. The version of it now put forth is a wretched parody on the Siege of Belgrade. The story is easily told:—

Algernon Rockwardine (Horn) marries Amanda (Miss Graddon), for which his uncle, Admiral Rockwardine (Terry), discards him. The young couple quit the country, are captured by a corsair, and, together with Lauretta (Miss Stephens), are landed at Algiers. Amanda, and her attendant, Lauretta, are conducted to the seraglio of the day, Orasmin (Sapio). Algernon, and Timothy Tourist (Harley), a book-making traveller, are set to work in the gardens. The dey makes love to Amanda, and, ignorant of the relationship of Algernon, prevails on him and Timothy to assure her her husband is dead: they plan a rescue, which fails, and are thrown into prison. At this moment, Admiral Rockwardine arrives, as ambassador from England: he meets Amanda—learns the fate of his nephew—bombards the town—sets the captives free—becomes reconciled to Algernon,—while Lauretta is, of course, married to Timothy.

The music is by Mr. Bishop, and is very pretty and full of grace and feeling, which makes us regret that it should be lavished on so worthless a production. Miss Stephens sang and acted delightfully; she was much applauded, and one of her songs was encored, as well as a duet with Mr. Sapio. Another duet between Mr. Sapio and Mr. Horn was also encored. Miss Graddon sang with much taste and feeling. Horn, too, appeared to good advantage. The choruses, which are beautiful compositions, were admirably executed. Harley and Terry both acted well. The scenery was extremely beautiful, particularly the view of Algiers before and after the bombardment, by Stanfield; and the gardens of the dey, by Roberts. The excellence of the music, acting, and scenery carried the piece through successfully, though a worse opera in point of dialogue was perhaps never produced on any stage.

There is nothing new at Covent-Garden Theatre. The *Inconstant* has been very well performed; and the pantomimes at both theatres still continue attractive.

### LITERATURE.

It is said that the late death of Sir Walter Scott, after learning that he was provided for, and after Sir Walter had written a letter to his lady a letter of other kind and of other kind of the offered his of giving the most like

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Mr. R. C. citizens of H constructed ease and exp that he prop principal stre per.

Voltaire and sadly abused by a contem countryman saying that V nii sauvage, v nius!!! We ed pundit w of the beauti of a bell an called by th When he has the language means an un a wild uncult savage, and un traducteur

Earthquake to a correspo account of th devastated so that ill-fated

'Koon I quitted ult., and arri ing of the 2 caravansery my quarters gateway, and and travelling the chunam t in a few sec was awake I got up half house in moti being really a rable-looking proved to be 'Khoosh An man, I imagin the noise had terrace near head servant earth was in throwing him an instant sat were correct.



## LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

It is said that, upon hearing of the premature death of the Rev. C. Maturin, and learning that he had left a widow but ill provided for, and some unpublished manuscripts, Sir Walter Scott wrote to the unfortunate lady a letter of condolence, in which, among other kind expressions of respect for the genius of the departed author, he gratuitously offered his editorial services, for the purpose of giving those works to the world in a form the most likely to be productive to her of profit.

We have had Irish, Hebrew, and we know not what other melodies, and we find, on the eve of publication, French Melodies,—the poetry by Eugenius Roche, Esq.; the symphonies and accompaniments by Mademoiselle Jours.

Mr. R. Caulfield has given notice to the citizens of Hartford, Connecticut, that he has constructed 'a carriage, to be propelled, with ease and expedition, by manual exertion,' and that he proposes to exhibit it through the principal streets of Hartford.—*American Paper*.

*Voltaire and Shakspeare*.—Poor Voltaire is sadly abused for his plunder of Shakspeare by a contemporary critic. The bile of our countryman has been terribly excited by saying that Voltaire called Shakspeare a *genii sauvage*, which he translates, a savage genius!!! We suspect it to be the same learned pundit who superintended the execution of the beautiful paintings, on coach-panels, of a bell and a savage, to denote the inn called by that name in common colloquy. When he has made a little more progress in the language, he will find that *genii sauvage* means an uncultivated genius,—the same as a wild uncultivated country is called *un pays sauvage*, and as one might call the translator *un traducteur sauvage*.

*Earthquake in Persia*.—We are indebted to a correspondent in Persia for the following account of the dreadful earthquake which has devastated so much of what is interesting in that ill-fated country:—

'Koonartuckta, 11th of June, 1824.

'I quitted Bushire the evening of the 30th ult., and arrived at this place on the morning of the 2d instant, at six o'clock. The caravansery here is a good one. I took up my quarters in a small bungalow over the gateway, and, being fatigued with early rising and travelling, I threw myself down upon the chunam terrace, and was in a sound sleep in a few seconds. About seven o'clock I was awake by a noise resembling a heavy waggon going at a brisk rate over a bridge; I got up half awake, and thought the whole house in motion. After taking a few steps, and being really awake, I was accosted by a venerable-looking old Persian (who afterwards proved to be the chief of the village), with 'Khoosh Amidu;' suddenly seeing this old man, I imagined that all was a dream, and that the noise had been caused by walking on the terrace near me. A few moments after, my head servant came up, and told me the whole earth was in motion, and imitated it by throwing himself from side to side; this in an instant satisfied me that my first thoughts were correct. At this time the thermometer

could not have been higher than 76, with a cool breeze, as at half-past eight o'clock, when my baggage came up, it was only 79. I was sitting at my table writing, at twenty minutes to twelve o'clock, when I felt another very severe shock, and from the pendulous motion of the house, I thought I should not be able to escape before it came down. (Koonartuckta is in a valley, surrounded by very high hills). I made the best of my way into the open air, and freely confess I felt an extraordinary sensation on observing the awful appearance of the surrounding mountains, before distinct and clear, now scarcely discernible, from the clouds of dust that covered them on all sides. This at first sight had the appearance of smoke, and I expected every moment to see the mountains in a blaze. The better to observe this grand sight, I ventured again into the bungalow; it wanted, by my watch, a quarter to twelve. I was scarcely in the room when I felt a similar shock—the door-frames making a creaking noise, and as if part of the walls were falling. Thermometer 86. I again descended with all haste, and observed the hills in every direction, as far as the eye could reach, covered with dust. After so many awful warnings, I did not feel comfortable at the idea of returning to my former habitation, and therefore gave directions to have my tent pitched, and took shelter under a small bush near the spot they were pitching it upon; during this time I felt two smart shocks, but nothing to equal the three former. In my tent, at one o'clock, the thermometer was 94. I now paid a visit to my morning habitation, to see what damage it had sustained; I found the walls cracked in several places; the steps by which you ascended to the top of the terrace cracked and opened from the wall, and parts of the steps fallen. The chunam tube that conducts the water from the top of the house to the centre of the west terrace had come down, and fallen upon the spot I was sleeping upon when the first shock was felt. Had it come down at that time, I must have been severely bruised. At half-past four another smart shock, with the dust ascending partially from the mountains. The wind during the day changed to every part of the compass, but always cool. At seven o'clock p. m. the thermometer in my tent at 78; twenty minutes to eight, 74; and exposed to the air, 72. Another smart shock eight minutes after eight o'clock. The thermometer exposed to the air at ten o'clock, 68. Later at night, or early this morning, two smart shocks, an interval of a few seconds nearly between each.

## WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Day of the Month.	8 o'clock Morning.	1 o'clock Noon.	11 o'clock Night.	Barom 1 o'clock Noon.	Weather.
Jan. 14	40	44	40	30 37	Cloudy.
.... 15	40	43	40	.. 25	Do.
.... 16	40	44	38	.. 85	Do.
.... 17	35	43	37	.. 97	Fair.
.... 18	42	46	36	.. 40	Stormy,
.... 19	33	38	39	.. 52	Fair.
.... 20	39	43	40	.. 63	Do.

## THE BEE,

OR, FACTS, FANCIES, AND RECOLLECTIONS.

*St. Bride's Church and Steeple*.—The following description of this elegant church, one of the master-pieces of Sir Christopher Wren, is extracted from 'Elmes's Biographical Memoirs' of that eminent architect:—'The parish church of St. Bridget, or St. Bride, on the south side of Fleet Street, was finished in the year 1679, and further embellished in 1699. This church is a fabric of great strength and beauty, and is one of the most striking features of the metropolis. Its interior is at once spacious, commodious, and elegant. It is 111 feet in length, 57 in breadth, and 41 in height—composed of a lofty nave, covered with an arched ceiling, and two aisles, separated below by solid pedestals, supporting coupled Doric columns, which support the arches of the nave and galleries. The altar is handsomely carved in oak, of the Corinthian order. The pulpit, reading-desk, and pewing of the church, are in a grand and handsome style. The peculiar ornament of this church is its beautiful tower and well-proportioned spire. It is only second to that of St. Mary-le-Bow in beauty, and is fully its equal in scientific construction. On a lofty tower, which forms a base higher than the neighbouring houses around, with a well-proportioned cornice, rises a stylobate, or continued plinth, which supports a cubical tower of the Corinthian order, covered with circular-headed pediments, and finished with a blocking course, a balustrade, and a well-proportioned vase on each angle. Between these commences the spire, which is octagonal, each face containing an aperture, covered with a semi-circular-headed arch. A series of these, setting off, in just proportion, reduces the upper one to a sufficient size to commence the lofty and well-proportioned spire, which is terminated by a golden ball and a weathercock. The entire height of this fine piece of architecture, before it was lowered by the late Sir William Staines, was 234 feet, which is 32 feet higher than the Doric column on Fish Street Hill.'

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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